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A GILDED SIN.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

"You dismayed?" she cried. "What has happened? Has Brookes voted with the Opposition, or what?"

"It is nothing of that kind," said the politician. "This is a domestic difficulty, about which I shall have to ask your help."

At the word "domestic" Lady Brandon opened her book again—matters of that description never interested her.

"The fact is," continued Sir Jasper, "that a friend of mine has died lately in Italy, and has left me a ward."

"A Ward!" cried Lady Brandon. "How intolerable! What a liberty to take!"

"A ward!" cried Katherine. "How strange, papa!"

Sir Jasper turned quickly to his wife. He never spoke unkindly or angrily to her, even when she annoyed him.

"Do not say 'intolerable,' Marie; we must make the best of it."

"But who is it?" cried her ladyship. "Of course, if it be anyone of position, that would make a difference."

"The young lady—my ward, Veronica di Cyntha—is descended from one of the first families in Italy," he said, "and she has, or will have, a large fortune."

"And is that too placed in your hands?" asked his wife.

"That also is in my hands," he replied, briefly.

"But, Jasper," cried her ladyship, "surely you are going to tell us more? Who is, or rather who was, your friend? Tell me; I want to know the whole history."

He walked to the end of the long drawing-room and back before he replied; then he said, briefly:

"I have nothing to tell. I met the Di Cynthas when I was abroad, and that accounts for the trust so far as I can account for it."

Lady Brandon had studied her husband long enough to know that when he spoke in the tone that he now did it was quite useless to persevere in making inquiries.

"Some friends whom he met in Italy," she said to herself. "Most probably, as he is so reticent, it was a political friend—indeed, now I come to think of it, that solves the mystery. There is a political secret hidden under the mystery."

Once feeling sure of that, Lady Brandon resigned herself to circumstances. A political secret, she knew quite well, could never be forced from her husband's keeping.

"But what will you do with a ward in Italy, papa?" asked Katherine.

Sir Jasper turned his care-worn face to her, and it cleared a little as he met the gaze of the bright sweet eyes.

"That is the difficulty, Katherine," he replied; "her property will be in England, and she must come to live with us."

Again Lady Brandon looked up—this time there was some little contempt on her face.

"That is impossible, Sir Jasper," she said: "I could not think of receiving a stranger into the very heart of my home."

He paused for a few minutes before answering her, and then he said, gently:

"You have always been so kind to me, Marie, so attentive to my interests, that I am sure you will never refuse anything that will be of service to me."

"Would it be of service?" she asked, quickly.

"Most assuredly it would," he replied. "You would help me out of a real difficulty."

"Then," said Lady Brandon, "if it will serve your interests I will do it. I withdraw my opposition."

Sir Jasper bent down and kissed the white jewelled hands.

"You have always studied my interests," he said, "and I am always grateful."

"It will be just as though I had a sister," said Katherine—and the words struck Sir Jasper like a blow. "I wonder what she is like, papa? Dark, I suppose, as she is Italian? We shall contrast well. I need not be jealous if she is a brunette. I will be very kind to her. Is it her father or her mother who has just died, papa?"

Again he shuddered as the careless words fell on his ear. He made pretence of not having heard what she said; and Katherine, with her quick instinct, seeing that the question was not agreeable to him, did not press it. Both ladies settled the matter in their own minds and according to their lights. Lady Brandon concluded that that the dead friend had probably been one who shared her husband's political secrets, and Katherine thought to herself that it was probably someone whom her father had known in his youth. They were both content, and talked quite amiably about it. Sir Jasper bore it as long as he could; then he quitted the room and went to his study.

"You see, Katherine," said Lady Brandon, "if the girl is really noble and wealthy, it will be an acquisition rather than otherwise."

"I am pleased about it, mamma," cried the girl. "I have always felt the want of a sister; now I shall have one."

"I would not say anything about that, my dear, until you have seen what she is like," said prudent Lady Brandon; it is always better not to commit one's self in any way."

They discussed the matter in all its bearings; there was complete confidence between this mother and child. Katherine laughed at her mother's very candid worldlines; she teased her about her worship of Mammon. But she was very fond of her; while Lady Brandon worshipped her beautiful child—she thought there was no one like her in the wide world—all the love of which she was capable, the love of heart and soul, was centred on and in her darling.

Meanwhile, Sir Jasper was in a fever of dismay. What should he do? It was as though the dead ghost of his youth had suddenly risen up before him; he was utterly unnerved. Then it became clear to him that he must send someone to fetch her. Whom could he send? He could not go himself—he was not strong enough to travel; nor did he care to see again the place where he had suffered so much. He decided that the best person to send would be his agent, John Segrave, a sensible, experienced man of the world. He wrote at once to summon Mr. grave; and, when he had reached Queen's Chace, he told him exactly the same story that he had told his wife.

"I want you to go to Italy," he said, "to bring back with you a young lady, my ward, who is for the future to make her home with Lady Brandon."

The agent set out, amply provided with funds; and then Sir Jasper spent day and night in a state of terrible suspense. What would she be like, this daughter of his lost Giulia? Would she torture him with her mother's face—with her mother's eyes? If so, he could not bear it—he should go mad. By night and by day he asked himself that question—what would she be like?

December came with its frost and cold, its biting wind and snow-bound earth, before that question was answered. It was on the second of December that he received a letter from Mr. Segrave, saying that he hoped to reach the Chace with his charge on the following day. Sir Jasper was greatly agitated, although he beat down his emotion with an iron hand.

She was coming—Giulia's little child, who had nestled for one brief moment in her mother's dying arms—Giulia's little daughter—the babe from whom he had turned with something like bitter hate in his heart. What would she be like? He asked about her rooms, and Katherine took him to see them—a pretty suite of rooms in the western wing; they looked very bright in the winter sunlight, with their cheerful fires and choice flowers.

"She will like these rooms, papa," said Katherine. "See what I have put here—all the Italian views and photographs that I can find. See—here is the Arno, here is the Rialto in Venice."

She stopped suddenly. Why did he pause and turn from her with a sharp, sudden cry? There was the very spot on which he had stood when Giulia's fair face first shone down upon him!

"It is nothing, child," he said, in answer to her anxious inquiries—"less than nothing—a sharp sudden pain that hurts but will never kill me."

"How do you know that it will never kill you, papa?" she asked.

"Because, my darling, if it could have shortened my life, it would have done so long ago," he replied. "Now show me all the arrangements you have made for my ward."

"Papa," cried generous, beautiful Katherine, "she will be very dull, she will be very lonely. Do you suppose that she is alone in the world—that she has no other friends but us? If she had but one, it would be something."

"I cannot tell you, Katherine," he replied. "You must ask her when she comes."

He was pleased to see the arrangements his wife and daughter had made for her, yet, as the time for her arrival drew near, he trembled and shuddered like one seized with a sudden cold. He had to meet the child he had literally given away—Giulia's daughter.

CHAPTER III.

Veronica stood before her father—a tall, beautiful woman, with a noble Venetian face. She was quite unlike anything he had pictured. He had fancied a girl with Giulia's sweet face, with her golden hair and sensitive lips. The girl beforehim looked like a Roman Empress butthat she had Giulia's eyes—her dark, tender, passionate eyes—the eyes that had made for him the only light that he had ever known—with hair as black as night, and worn after the old Grecian fashion. She was more beautiful than her young mother had ever been, but it was a different type of loveliness.

As he gazed upon her, Sir Jasper Brandon owned to himself that it was the most beautiful and the saddest face that he had ever seen. The dark eyes had a story in their depths, the proud lips trembled even as she smiled.

"Where have I seen a face something like it?" he asked himself. Then he remembered that it was in one of his favorite pictures hanging in the Louvre.

He had gone himself to the station to meet her. Lady Brandon was very shrewd, and Katherine was shrewder still. He felt that he might betray himself. So he had decided on meeting Veronica, that the first shock might pass unperceived. And a shock it was when she looked up at him with Giulia's eyes. He stood still for a few moments, beating back the anguish that almost mastered him; then he held out his hands in greeting to her.

"Veronica," he said, gently, "welcome to England!" He did not kiss the beautiful face—he dared not trust himself. "Welcome!" he repeated, adding: "Do you speak English?"

To his surprise she answered him in English; she spoke the language exceedingly well, but with a slight foreign accent that was very musical and charming.

"Yes, I speak English; it was my own wish. I learned by my own desire; my aunt was very unwilling."

"Why did you wish to learn?" he said. "It is harsh after your beautiful liquid Italian."

"I cannot tell; but something seemed always to stir in my heart at the very mention of England. I hardly knew whether it was pain or pleasure, for it was unlike either. Now I know what it was."

"What?" he asked, wondering if any idea of the truth had occured to her.

"It was a foreboding," she replied; "it was because I had to come to England." Then she glanced at him again. "Are you my guardian?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes," he replied. "I came to meet you; I thought you would feel dull at first in a strange country."

"I have been dull all my life," she said, with a smile—the saddest smile he had ever seen.

"We must try to make you happier," he said.

"Why are you my guardian?" she asked. "I cannot understand it. My aunt never spoke to me of you until she was dying, and then she told me that far away in England there lived a rich gentleman who would be my guardian when she was dead—that I was to live with him in England and be docile to him. It will not be difficult to be very docile to you."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I like you," she answered, simply. "I can always tell at first sight whether I shall like anyone or not, and I do like you."

He helped her into the carriage and sat down by her side; the servants were busy with her luggage. Mr. Segrave drove home with Sir Jasper and his ward, and all the way the baronet was saying to himself:

"This is Giulia's daughter; that beautiful head lay on Giulia's breast—that is Giulia's child!" He longed to clasp her in his arms, to say: "You have your mother's eyes, child; you have the same sweet voice and the same loving heart."

All his fancied dislike melted as he gazed on her. He wondered how he could have hated her, how he could have forgotten her. He reproached himself for it with bitter reproaches. How could he have been unkind to Giulia's child? "I have been dull all my life," she had said, and the words smote him with pain. He longed to say to her, "I am your father, Veronica, but my love for your mother is shut up in my heart. It is my most cherished secret; it is so sacred to me that I cannot talk of it; I cannot tell others of it; it is the very core of my heart." He was sorely tempted, but "Not yet," he said to himself—"not yet." He turned to her suddenly.

"Tell me about your life, Veronica," he said. "What made it so dull? How have you spent it?"

"I have lived always with my Aunt Assunta," she replied, "and my aunt was a woman whose heart must have been broken when she was very young, I think. She never laughed, she never even smiled, but she hated the English. "They are as perfidious," she said, "as Judas. The sun never shines on England; it is always dark with Heaven's frown." She would not let me have any friends. We used to sit for days and months and years in that dark old palace, watching the water, watching the sky, seldom speaking a word. She gave me histories to read, and after many prayers she allowed me to have masters for painting—nothing else; and for many years I have passed my life in reading dull histories and in painting."

"Poor child," he said; "it was not a very bright life, was it?"

"No. I have often asked her to tell me where my mother and father lie buried; but my aunt would never inform me. I have never seen my mother's grave."

Sir Jasper's face grew white with emotion. He said to himself, "It is Giulia's child who has led this sad life—who has never known one bright hour." He dared not look at her lest she should wonder at the pain on his face.

"How old are you, Veronica?" he asked.

"I am twenty, as men count years," she said. "It seems to me that I have lived a century in the dark old palace. It was full of spirits who wailed all night through the long, dark passages. When my aunt was angry with me, she said always that I was a child, an ignorant child. I think myself I am very old, more like a woman whose years are run than a child."

"You will not feel so when you have lived a little longer," he said, gently. "Veronica, look round you. This is an English winter. Do you see how white the ground is—how great icicles hang like huge diamonds from the trees and hedges? When the sun shines on the snow and sparkles on the ice, I do not think there is a grander sight in the world."

"I wonder," said Veronica, musingly, "why my aunt disliked England so much—do you know?"

He tried to answer her indifferently.

"It would require a very learned philosopher to understand all a lady's likes and dislikes," he said. "Veronica, you say that you have had a very sad life; let me advise you to try to forget it—forget the gloomy aunt who seems to have been so mistaken. Just as a flower opens its heart to the sun, open yours to the sunshine of happiness. Will you try?"

"I will try," she answered. "I will do anything you tell me."

Then he pointed out to her the beauties of the park through which they were driving, and then, in the distance, the towers of Queen's Chace.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "And see—the sun on it; it looks as though Heaven were blessing it."

He wondered what she would say if she knew that this superb house ought one day by right to be hers.

"Tell me," she cried—"what do you call this beautiful place? Teach me to say it; teach me to say your name. What must I call you?"

And he taught Giulia's child to call him Sir Jasper, while longing with all his heart to hear the word "father" from her lips.

"Some day," he said to himself, "I will tell her all about it, and she will know. Then I will ask her to call me "father"—and I shall hear all earth's music in the world."

Sir Jasper said one thing to Veronica on entering the house. He turned to her with an expression of pain on his face.

"Veronica," he said, "I want to ask you one piece of advice, afterward you will know the reason why. I advise you to say nothing whatever of the home you have left. People are sure to ask you questions. Do not answer them; evade them."

Veronica, looking up at him with the simple faith of a child, replied:

"I will—I will do whatever you tell me."

And he knew from that moment that any secret, anything which touched his interests, was as safe in her hands as in his own. He never forgot the expression of utter astonishment on Lady Brandon's face as the young girl came forward, with her graceful, self-possessed manner, to speak to her.

"I really thought," she said afterward to her husband, "that an old Venetian figure had descended from its frame. What a face she has, Jasper! It's essentially Venetian, not Florentine—I know the Florentine type so well—nor Roman, but purely Venetian. Her mother must have been a beautiful woman."

He winced at the words, but made no reply.

Lady Brandon smiled as she continued:

"She is a great contrast to Katherine. I am not sure that it is wise to bring a rival beauty into the house."

Jasper looked up impatiently; this woman's tattle annoyed him.

"She will never harm Katherine," he said, somewhat sternly. "Do not put ideas of that kind into Kate's head. I want her to like the young stranger. See—that is a pretty picture."

Husband and wife were standing by the fire-place in the Yellow Drawing-room, as one of the prettiest apartments at Queen's Chace was called. The two girls were at the other end—Katherine seated on a low chair, her golden head thrown back, and Veronica kneeling on the floor by her side. The two faces were each lovely, yet differed entirely. Veronica was gazing at the English girl with something like rapture in her face. Katherine was a new revelation of beauty to her.

"Tell me something about your home," said Katherine. "The one dream of my life is to go to Italy; but papa will never hear of it."

Veronica gave one hasty glance across the room to the dark, handsome face of the man who had so great an influence over her. Remembering her promise, she answered:

"Ask me about anything you will," she replied, "except about home. I cannot speak of it."

Katherine looked at the flushed face, and, thinking that the subject was one too sad for her, she stooped down and kissed her.

"I will not ask you about home or anything else that grieves you, Veronica," she said. "It must be very sad; you have lost everything—everyone. But you will be happy with us after a time. You shall be my sister—I have always longed for one; and you, will love papa—everyone loves him when they know him." It was strange but typical that she did not speak of Lady Brandon. She said nothing about loving her. "Kiss me, Veronica," she said—"not coldly, but as if you were really my own sister. I shall love you as though you were."

The dark eyes filled slowly with tears.

"You will love me?" she said. "It seems impossible; it is too good—it cannot be true. You will really love me?"

Why should I not? asked Katherine, wondering at the girl's emotion.

"Why should you, rather?" she replied. "You are so different from me. You seem to me like a fairy princess. You live in the midst of beauty and magnificence; everyone loves you; even the servants who wait upon you seem almost to worship you. You have the sunshine ever on your head. Look at these bright threads of gold! You seem to me more lovely than a poet's dream."

Katherine laughed; flattery was always pleasant to her. She experienced a girl's natural delight in being called lovely. Then she passed her white fingers over the bowed head.

"Has no one ever told you that you were beautiful?"

"No; I have never heard anyone speak of me in that way," replied Veronica.

"Then let me tell you now," said Katherine. "You are a thousand times more beautiful than I am. But I am not jealous of you—I love you. Mine is a pretty pink-and-white, healthy, happy kind of beauty; yours is a grand, half-sad, wholly imperial loveliness. I am like a rosebud, you are like a mystical passion-flower. There are hundreds of girls like me—there can be few others like you."

"Is it really true?" asked Veronica. "Am I really beautiful? Tell me, *Caterina mia*—do you think that anyone who saw me for the first time would like me?"

"I am sure that everyone would admire you very much, and those who knew would love you."

"It seems so strange," said Veronica—and Katherine saw a light come over her face—"so strange. I have never thought of myself in that way at all. I have often wondered if ever anyone would love me."

"Did they not love you at home?" asked Katherine, surprised.

"We will not talk of home," was the reply, uttered sadly. "No; you are the first person in all the world who ever said to me 'I love you!'"

"I am glad, yet sorry," said the English girl, slowly.

A strange light came over Veronica's face; her eyes darkened, a quiver passed over her lips.

"Yes, you are the first," she said; "and because in all my life you have been the first to say to me, 'I love you,' I swear fealty to you—I will be true to you until death—I will be a friend more than in name. If the time should ever come when I can take a trouble from you, or by suffering myself save you from suffering, I will do it or undergo it."

Katherine was touched by the earnest, passionate words.

"How much you think of kind words, Veronica!" she said, quietly.

"Ah, you do not know! I have been all my long solitary life without them. For years I heard but one voice, and it never addressed me kindly. No one in all this world has been so utterly alone."

"It is all ended now, said Katherine; "you have us to love you."

"Yes, it is ended," returned Veronica. "Do you know, Katherina, that I could not believe the world was fair or bright? It seemed to me impossible. I knew that the skies were blue, and that the light of the sun was all golden, but I did not understand the glory and the loveliness that seem common to you. Once, long ago, I found an old book of poems, and I read them. They were all about the beauty and passion and tenderness of life. I thought the man who wrote them—Alfieri—was mad; now I think there was some method in his madness. Do you know, Caterina—I like to give you the sweet soft Italian name—that for long years I have had but one thought, and that that was how soon Heaven would let me die?"

Katherine caressed the dark shining waves of hair.

"Such thoughts as those have brought all those mystical shadows into your eyes, Veronica; we must have no more of them," she said.

"Even my name," remarked the girl, "has a sad kind of music in it. And so you love me, Katherine? Tell me what to do for you, how to thank you, how to serve you. I will see with your eyes, I will hear with your ears. I shall go to sleep happy, I shall wake up happy, thinking to myself that someone deems me beautiful, and that someone loves me. You have brightened all my life for me by your goodness."

"I do not think it is goodness," said Katherine; "with me it is simply that I cannot help it."

"It might have been different," rejoined Veronica. "You might have been angry and vexed that a stranger should come into your home—the very heart of your home, as it were—you might have received me coolly, treated me unkindly, laughed at me, even because of my strange dress and strange manners—but you have been an angel of goodness to me. For that," she continued, with the sudden passion that made her so beautiful, "I will give you my life should you need it, my service always, my love if you will take it, my heart always."

They formed certainly one of the prettiest of pictures—the English girl, with her bright, fair beauty, her golden hair, her dress of white silk, her shining jewels, her happy, loving, bright manner, and the dark-eyed Venetian, with her pale, passionate, matchless loveliness, her black robes so quaint and picturesque. Then, as they talked longer, gradually they changed attitudes; it was Veronica who became the protector, and Katherine the younger sister. Their lives had been so different, yet they were children of one father. Veronica's one wonder was the long shining golden hair. She never tired of caressing it, of twining it round her fingers, of praising it.

"Do you know," she said to Katherine, "that once—oh, long ago!—I was arranging an old wardrobe for my aunt, and I saw a little parcel of white paper? I opened it, and inside it lay a long tress of shining golden hair so much like this. I was almost frightened at it, for it seemed to twine round my fingers as though it were living. I took it to my aunt and showed it to her. She grew so angry. 'Whenever you see hair like that,' she said, 'always pray that England may be ruined by its own gold, by the greed of its sons and the folly of its daughters.' Her words come back to my mind now as I hold this golden hair in my hands.

"They were very horrible words, and your aunt must have been wicked to utter them. What harm had the English done her?"

"I cannot tell, but she hated them. She was angry that I wished to learn English; but I would. It was strange that when she hated it I should love it. I think England beautiful. Our Venice is perhaps one of the fairest spots on earth, but everything seems brighter and happier here."

"Papa," said Katherine, that same evening. "I fancy your ward Veronica has been very unhappy all her life."

"I hope not," he returned, quietly.

"I feel sure of it. I have been contrasting her lot with mine. How strange it is, papa, that in this world things are so unequal! Some have so much, others so little. Veronica seems to me to have had nothing."

He made no reply, but he thought to himself that it was hard, seeing that they were children of one father. Later on he drew Katherine's golden head down and kissed her face.

"You will be kind to Veronica, my dear," he said. "A joyless life is hard to bear."

And Katherine obeyed him, because it was impossible to know Veronica and not to love her.

CHAPTER IV.

Before two weeks had passed Veronica was quite at home at Queen's Chace. Lady Brandon, who had at first been inclined to look upon the whole matter as a misfortune, now began to think otherwise. She thought to herself that the next season she would be more popular than ever. She would be mother of one of the fairest blondes and chaperon of one of the most beautiful brunettes. She saw that the two girls would never be rivals, their style differed so greatly, and she began to take great interest in Veronica. She went to her husband and told him that she must have *carte blanche* for Veronica's wardrobe.

"It is all very well," said her ladyship, "to look like a picture; but dressing like one is quite a different matter. Your ward must dress like other people, Sir Jasper. I suppose she can have what money she likes?"

"Certainly," replied Sir Jasper; "She is an heiress, I have told you. She must be treated as one;" and soon afterward he placed in her hands a check for three hundred pounds. We can arrange later on," he added, "about her yearly allowance—at present, purchase for her everything that she requires."

"Her wants are legion," said Lady Brandon; "she has literally nothing, except a few picturesque old dresses that would look very nice in an old curiosity shop."

Lady Brandon set to work at once. She knew too well the effect of dress to offer to transform Veronica into a fashionable English lady. Everything she purchased was made after some picturesque Venetian fashion, and Sir Jasper was pleased when he saw it.

"You have preserved the unities," he said to his wife with one of those rare smiles that so altered the expression of his face.

As for Veronica herself, she could not understand such attention.

"All this for me!" she cried, when she saw the lace, the silks, the velvets, the thousand little elegancies that make up a lady's toilet—fans and slippers, gloves and sunshades.

Then Sir Jasper brought her some superb jewels—a set of rubies that suited her dark loveliness, a set of corals and a suite of diamonds. The girl raised her wondering face to his when he showed them to her.

"Why do you do all this for me?" she asked.

He looked down at her. She was looking at him with dead Giulia's love-lit eyes.

"Why? he repeated. "Because I am your guardian. You will know more some day."

She took his hand and kissed it in her strange, impulsive fashion.

"You are very good to me, and I am very grateful," she said.

But it seemed to him that Giulia's lips had touched him. He shrunk back, pale and trembling.

To be Continued.

A CHAMPION LIE.

A Wild Story Wafted from the Shores of Cathey.

We have observed several wonderful stories of late respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skillfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead. We recall to mind, however, the story of a German executioner who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity. Upon an occasion it happened that a criminal who was condemned to death had a singular itching to play at ninepins, and he implored permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died. Then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur. The judge, thinking there could be no harm in humoring him, granted his last prayer, and upon arriving at the place of execution he found everything prepared for the game, the pins being set up and the bowls all ready. He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. After awhile the sheriff, observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl. The executioner did so, but with such exquisite dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. He thought, indeed, that a cold breath of air was blowing on his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he had grasped, and seizing it firmly, rolled it at the pins. All of them fell and the head was heard to exclaim, as it rebounded from the further wall: "Hurrah! I've won the game."

Libels Upon the Animal Kingdom.

A work upon natural history, published in 1820, applies the following character to caterpillars: "There is not any one sort of caterpillars but they are malignant, naught and venomous. All caterpillars have a burning qualitie, and such as will readily fetch off the skinne and flea it quickly, and raise blisters." In another place we read: "The hayrie caterpillars are most mischeevous and dangerous amongst them all, and these are either blacke or thinne hayred, and the most venomous is that which is called Pityocampe, whose bything is poyson." Concerning the inoffensive worm we have this: "Wormes are found to be very venemous in the kingdom of Megor, and the inhabitants there doe stand in so great feare of them, that they leave destroyed and slaine by them when they travell a journey." This work abounds in such examples of the ignorant prejudice which exis ed, even among the most learned, with regard to the lower orders of animal creation, three hundred years ago, and we find remnants of this feeling still extant.

His Stomach was Peculiar.

A. (to his friend)—"Who is that pretty girl over there walking with that short, fat old man?

B.—"That's old Malt, the brewer, and the lady is his daughter. He is rich and she is the only daughter. Now that's the sort of a girl you want to marry. Let me introduce you?"

"No, I thank you. Drinking one sort of beer all the time makes me bilious, and that's what I'd have to do if I married her. I'm sorry for the poor creature, but I can't help it. It is not my fault that my stomach is peculiar."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - MAY 4, 1888.

Democratic Primary Elections.

In pursuance of a resolution adopted by the Democratic County Committee at its meeting on June 6, 1887, the Democratic voters of Cambria county will meet at their respective places of holding the election, on *Saturday*, June 2, 1888, and vote by ballot for the nomination of candidates for county officers, as follows:

One person for Congress.
One person for State Senator.
Two persons for Assembly.
One person for Sheriff.
One person for Poor-house Director.
One person for Jury Commissioner.
County Committeeman will also be elected in each district.

The polls will be open from 1 to 7 o'clock P. M.

The two following propositions relative to the manner of making nominations hereafter will also be voted on as directed by the County Committee June 6 1887:

First—For the present system.

Second—For the increased delegate system, upon the following basis: One delegate from each district, and for each district polling one hundred votes two delegates, and for each additional one hundred votes one additional delegate, the representation to be based each year on the Democratic vote polled for the leading man on the State ticket at the preceding State election.

Tickets and the necessary papers for conducting the elections will be furnished to each Commit teeman. The Committeemen will take the returns of the election to Ebensburg, on Monday, June 4, where a meeting of the Committee will be held at 1 o'clock P. M. of that day, when the votes will be counted and the names of the successful candidates will be announced.

The Committeeman and members of the board in each district should be particular in being sworn and in signing their respective oaths and returns.

Also the Committeemen elected at the primaries for the ensuing year, are requested to meet in Ebensburg on Monday, June 4, 1888, at 4 o'clock, P. M, for the purpose of electing a chairman and transacting such other business as may be necessary.

Johnstown, } JAMES M. WALTERS,
April 17, '88. } Chairman.

The following are the rules for the government of the Democratic primary elections in this county:

SECTION 1. The time of opening and closing the polls in townships and boroughs shall be as follows: The polls shall be opened at 1 o'clock P. M, and closed at 7 o'clock P. M.

SEC. 2. The Committeemen of the respective townships and boroughs shall be the Judges of the Primary Elections, who shall appoint two Inspectors who shall serve as Clerks and who shall be members of the Democratic party.

SEC. 3. Formal papers shall be sent to the Committeemen by the Chairman, and each Committeeman shall make duplicate returns, signed by the Judge and attested by the Inspectors or Clerks. One of said returns shall be posted up in a conspicuous place at the place of holding the election immediately after the returns are made out, with a list of names of parties voting at said Primary Elections; also, one of said returns to remain in the hands of the County Committeeman of each district, and one copy of said returns, with a list of voters, to be sealed up and returned by the Return Judge to the Chairman of the County Committee. The tickets to be sealed up and kept by the Committeemen for thirty days.

SEC. 4. Parties shall only be allowed to vote at the place of holding the General Election in the district where they actually reside, and none shall vote except those that voted the Democratic ticket at the preceding General Election, except those who have arrived at the age of twenty-one years since the last General Election and declare themselves Democrats.

SEC. 5. The Committeemen shall be elected by ballot on the day of the Primary Election.

SEC. 6. The newly elected Committee shall elect their Chairman by ballot at their first regular meeting.

SEC. 7. The Chairman shall remain in office until his successor is elected.

SEC. 8. The Chairman shall call a meeting of the newly elected Committee within thirty-five days from the date of Primary Election.

SEC. 9. The newly elected Chairman shall nominate his Secretary.

SEC. 10. Any contested nomination shall be tried before the County Committee after formal, specific charges, as in contested cases at law. No case of contest shall be entertained unless specific charges are preferred and placed in the hands of the Chairman of the County Committee within thirty days after the election, and notice thereof shall be given to the candidate contested within five days.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND on Monday last nominated to the Senate Melville W. Fuller, of Chicago, as the successor of Chief Justice Waite. Mr Fuller is recognized in Chicago as standing at the head of the bar of that city where he has resided since he left his native State, Maine, over thirty years ago. He is fifty-five years of age and has always borne an irreproachable name for personal and professional integrity. United States Senator Cullom, of Illinois, who is a Republican, says of him: "I have known Mr. Fuller for 25 years or more. He is a scholar and is possessed of more than ordinary literary attainments. I regard him as an excellent lawyer, and am sure he will make an excellent Chief Justice." Mr. Springer, a leading Democratic member of the House from the same State says: "His appointment will give great satisfaction to the people of Illinois and the Northwest, without regard to party, and to the entire country, as soon as his character and great abilities are known." In Chicago, where Mr. Fuller is best known, his appointment is warmly endorsed by the members and newspapers of both parties, which is very conclusive evidence that Mr. Cleveland, who has given the matter the most patient and thorough deliberation before arriving at a conclusion, has made no mistake in his selection. Although Mr. Fuller himself must demonstrate his fitness for the high office to which he has been appointed, his intimate friends entertain no doubt of his ability to do so.

THE Prohibition State Convention met at Harrisburg on Wednesday. It is thought that it would take all of that day and yesterday before the business of the Convention would be concluded. It is estimated that about 600 delegates will be present. Hon. A. A. Barker, Chairman of the State Committee, was early on the ground, and stated to a reporter of the Pittsburg *Post* that the platform will endorse total Prohibition and favor the repeal of the revenue tax on whiskey and tobacco. He also told the *Post* correspondent that he didn't think the convention would take action in regard to the administration of President Cleveland, who in his (Barker's) opinion is "the best President we have had during the past twenty-five years." However much Mr. Barker may be deluded on the question of Prohibition, his estimate of Cleveland shows that on *that* subject his head is entirely level.

IT will be seen from the call of the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee that the question of a change in the system of making nominations for county offices, will be submitted to the Democratic voters for their decision at the primary elections on Saturday the second day of June. The simple question to be decided is: Shall the present, or "Crawford County" system be continued, or shall it be superceded by the "increased delegate system?" What is meant by the increased delegate system is plainly, set forth in the call and can be readily understood by every one who reads it. We refer to the matter now, not for the purpose of entering into a lengthy discussion of the respective merits of the two systems, but to call the attention of Democrats to the fact that they must decide the question at the primary elections, and to ask them to take the subject into their serious consideration so that they may be enabled to vote intelligently and for the best interests of the Democratic party. No method of making nominations was ever devised that was entirely free from objection for one reason or another. That the Crawford County System has its merits is undoubtedly true, but that it has its objectionable features is equally true. It has been in operation in this county for a number of years and Democrats understand its practical working. Would the increased delegate system be an improvement upon it, and would it be likely to give more general satisfaction by distributing the offices, other things being equal, among the localities fairly entitled to them? Let Democrats think the matter over between now and the primary elections and then decide it according to their very best judgment.

JOHN J. INGALLS, the Kansas hornet, whose most powerful weapon in debate is his sting, replied to Dan Voorhees' defense of McClellan and Hancock from the venomous assault made upon them by the former a few weeks ago, on Tuesday last. This last effort of the Kansas Senator was in no sense an improvement on his original vulgar and unmanly assault upon the honored dead. The Philadelphia *Times* of Wednesday speaks of it as follows:

Senator Ingalls renewed his attack on dead Union generals yesterday, although he was compelled to admit that, so far as Hancock was concerned, his only sin was that of being a Democrat in politics. From the Ingalls standpoint this is doubtless an unpardonable sin; but as at least half the voters of the United States are guilty of the same sin, it is hard to see what Senator Ingalls is going to do about it, unless he and his bloody shirt Republican comrades decide to flock by themselves. It would have been much more manly on the part of the Kansas Senator if he had selected living men as the targets of his sarcasm, but he seems to have a penchant for assailing the dead, and perhaps he can't help it. He seems to have been built that way.

The number of immigrants now arriving at Castle Garden, New York, is exceptionally large. On Monday last five steamships landed nearly five thousand passengers, of whom 3,500 came from Ireland. On the previous day four thousand arrived. These figures are unprecedented. One of the steamship lines had so many passengers booked for May that its books were closed, the steamers being overcrowded. The great majority of the immigrants went West. There are no Mormons coming in this season, and none are expected. The Mormon Missionary business seems to be on the decline. This large increase in foreign arrivals is attributed to a fear that a general European war is near at hand.

MRS. GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, who in the life time of her husband was considered the better politician of the two, has taken strong ground in favor of the nomination of ex Governor Alger, of Michigan, as the Republican candidate for President. Those who remember certain incidents growing out of the campaign of 1884 can easily understand why the widow of John A. Logan doesn't take any stock in the political fortunes of James Gallagher Blaine.

THE Governors of the thirteen original States met in the Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on Saturday last, to consider plans for the establishment of a fitting and lasting memorial to commemorate the first century of the Constitution of the United States. They want the aid of the National Government and all the States and Territories for the object in view. It was also decided to invite all the States and Territories to participate in celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration April 30, 1889.

ANOTHER batch of Lancaster county Republican election officers who conducted the primary election at Indiantown, in that county, in 1887, and who were convicted of frauds, were sentenced by Judge Patterson last week to pay a fine of $25 each and to be imprisoned in the county jail for one year and two weeks. These men simply carried out the schemes of the party bosses who kept in the background and escaped punishment, while their dupes are made to pay the penalty of the law.

THE muddled declaration of the Republican State platform on the surplus, provokes from the Philadelphia *Press* the criticism, "It does not mean what it says and it does not say what it means." The mild calculator who got up the tariff resolution declares the proposed change in the wool duties would entail a loss on the country of $355,000,000! This is only about seven times the value of the entire wool clip of the United States for 1887.

WHEN the lower branch of Congress met on Saturday last there were but thirty five members present out of a total of 325, to listen to the debate on the tariff bill. These gentlemen are paid $5,000 a year for attending to the public business, but if reports are true, most of their time is spent at the race courses of Washington and Baltimore.

DR. CHARLES E. SIMONS, who attended the late Samuel J. Tilden during his illness, has brought suit against the estate for $140,000 for professional services.

Senator Voorhees Defends Gens. McClellan and Hancock.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—In the Senate to-day the motion to refer the President's message was taken up and Mr. Voorhees proceeded to address the Senate thereon. He said that an extensive discussion of the tariff in the Senate and House left no doubt as to the attitude of the Republican party on that question and it had at last been forced to throw away masks and false faces and to admit that taxation was not to stop at the revenue line of the Government, but was to be turned loose, without limit and without shame, on the labor of the people for the sole purpose of enriching a favored few—a syndicate of devouring, insatiate monopolists. The Republican party leaders, driven by madness to suicide and hari kari, were going before the American people opposing every reduction of taxes except those paid by tobacco and alcoholic spirits. He did not intend that that issue should be dodged in the coming political campaign, at least in Indiana. The position of the Republican party might be described thus:

First, taxation not to be limited by the expenses of the Government, with a view to the protection of manufacturing monopolists. Second, all the protection given and all its profits to inure to the further enrichment of capitalists, but not a dollar of it to the laboring men and women. Third, that if any reduction of taxes was to take place, it must be on alcoholic liquor and tobacco, and not on the prime necessaries of life.

Passing to the charges that the Democrats in Congress have been hostile to the Union soldiers in the matter of pensions, he contrasted the action of both parties in that matter and claimed that the Republicans would make a mean and parsimonious record toward the soldiers and that rank and bitter injustice had been done them by provisions of law under Republican sway, while the Democrats in Congress and in the executive offices had been liberal in the extremest sense.

Referring to the attack made in the Senate upon the memory of McClellan and Hancock, he said the presiding officer of the Senate, holding the highest official position now held by a Republican, had descended to the floor and attacked the memory of American heroes who were sleeping where flowers and tears were annually commingled on Memorial Day, resting from their glorious lives in the quiet bivouac of the dead. The pious task of making response had been appropriately performed by one whose own conspicuous daring in arms had given him the generous right of chivalry to speak in their praise. It was true that not even the eloquent tongue of Blackburn could reach McClellan or Hancock with assurances of their country's devotion and love:

"Can honor's choice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

No, but the voice of the Senator from Kentucky on that occasion had been an honor to American manhood and to American soldiery. There were suggestions, however, inspired by the wanton and astounding assault of the Senator from Kansas, which would not speedily pass from the public mind. That Senator, a recognized leader of his party, had stood in his place in the Senate and denounced two great Union generals as traitors to their country, allies of the Confederacy, and no word of dissent or rebuke had been uttered by a single associate in either house. Democrats had waited and some had wondered, but the silent acquiescence in the horrible charges remained unbroken.

MCCLELLAN'S PATRIOTISM.

Mr. Voorhees proceeded to draw a vivid picture of events during the war, beginning with the scenes on the night of the first battle of Bull Run, when the wearied gallop of the courier could be heard as he came over Long Bridge and reached the war department with dispatches of disaster from the front. In that hour of National extremity McClellan had been called by despairing official authority to perform a task greater far than was ever performed by Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar or Napoleon in the same length of time.

Then he recalled (after the second disastrous battle of Manassas) McClellan riding out to meet the retreating troops and being greeted with cheers more thrilling and patriotic than those which greeted Napoleon on his return from Elba. Then came the battle of Antietam, a victory unparalleled in the war. The immediate peril being gone and a sense of security being felt, McClellan had been again stricken by partisan malice and had closed his lofty military career forever.

"An eagle towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

And to this day clamorous kites, crows and other ignoble scavenger birds sought to tear and mutilate McClellan's august fame. Yes, McClellan, he said, was a Democrat, and when removed from command on the 7th of November, 1862, he could with uplifted hand have sworn that he had saved the republic, as did Cicero in the forum at Rome.

Among the highest, the most fortunate and most distinguished characters produced by the war, where, he asked, could a name be found cleaner, freer, from self-seeking or more devoted to a sumblime sense of duty than that of McClellan?

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

—not disturbed by the partisan declamation of judge advocates, provost marshals or peevish politicians.

Mr. Voorhees then changed the scene to Gettysburg, where, he said, the last hope of the Southern Confederacy disappeared forever. What invisable spirit of the air, he asked, intent upon evil to the Senator from Kansas, could have been in attendance on him when he stood up and opened his mouth in the Senate chamber on the 6th of March. McClellan and Hancock were the heroes of the two most consequential battles of the war—Antietam and Gettysburg—the loss of either of which would have brought European recognition to the Confederacy and darkness and dismay, if not final disolution. They had commanded in the only battles fought north of the Potomac, and each time had met the enemy as an invading force, strong, confident and flushed with recent victories. Antietam and Gettysburg had involved the possession of the capital and the perpetuity of the government, and to McClellan and Hancock (now stigmatized as allies of the Confederacy) had been committed the measureless and awful trust of defending and preserving them both.

If asked hereafter where were the greatest leaders of the Democratic party during the war, (where the Democratic candidate of '64 for the Presidency, and the Democratic candidate of '80 for the Presidency,) the undulating slopes of Antietam and the crested heights of Gettysburg would be pointed to. He knew them both and he bowed to their mighty shades. They were of loftier mould than Greek or Roman history supplied. The "Warrior ranks of Achaia" furnished not their peers, not "the golden-locked Achilles nor the high born son of Laertes nor the wide ruling King Agamemnon." And yet, he said, such were the great soldiers who were mocked, scoffed and denounced as belonging to the subservient elements of the North and who were accused of treason by those who were of the breed of Job's war horse and who (like him) "snuffed the battle afar off."

Leaving that subject, Mr. Voorhees passed to what he called the campaign of political animosity declared against the people of the South, their rights, their security and their good name. The especial anger of Republican leaders, he said, was excited because the vote of the South in a national contest is solid against their party. Would some one on the other side of the chamber tell him how the vote of the South could be other than it was.

The Republican party had once had political supremacy from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. It had elected Republican Governors, State officers and legislatures in every Southern State. It had had the purse with which to corrupt, the sword with which to intimidate, and the Republican Congress and President to enact and enforce all the laws necessary for the overthrow of individual and State rights, and for the consolidation of its power. It had seized upon the enfranchised negro, and sought to organize and hurl him against the peace and security of political and social order, and for a time, and in many instances it had succeeded.

The Republican party and its allies (allies not of the Confederacy, but allies for power and plunder) had swept upon the helpless South like Hyder Ali upon the Carnatic and had left scarcely a vestige from which to hope and with which to rebuild, except its never-failing soil and its staunch and splendid manhood. It had despoiled the Southern States of their resources and dismantled them of their credit. It had ordered investigations and sent committees and commissions, composed of the bitterest partisans, into the South for the purpose of scraping together and putting in permanent form the perjuries of vagbonds and scoundrels with which to defame and blacken the reputation of the Southern people. It would have overturned the State government of South Carolina in 1876 and again sacked the substance and credit of the State had it not been that a giant stood in its way, upheld by the public judgment of the world.

The career of the Republican party during its ascendancy in the South had been a career of crime. It had reared and left behind it no monument of patriotism, or benevolence, to tell future ages that its presense had been a blessing and not a curse. When the future historian came to inquire why and how, and exactly when the Republican party had lost its tremendous hold on the prostrate South, and had slunk away to return no more forever, he would be puzzled to find an answer, and would finally write that its administration through all that region had become so vast and intolerable a scandal, filling the civilized world with its foul odors, that an intelligent and omnipotent public opinion had demanded its downfall and the restoration of home-rule and decent government.

And yet it was that party whose leaders now fumed and threatened the Southern people and States because they did not welcome it back again into power with all its unhallowed memories and its predaceous instincts and habits. As well might a frontier settlement be expected to welcome a second invasion of tomahawks and scalping knives.

Mr. Voorhees proceeded to speak of the recent great development in the South and said she was simply rising to her manifest destiny. He recited the achievements of the Democratic party and asserted that but for the attitude and influence of Horatio Seymour, Thomas A. Hendricks, Allen G. Thurman, William A. Richardson and their political associates and followers during the war, not only would the Union never have been restored, but the dearest and most sacred rights of American citizenship would have been swept away in the storm of partisan wrath which was most frequently mistaken for patriotic zeal. He concluded by saying that the verdict of the American people in November would be that there had been honest, capable government and that it should be continued.

At the conclusion of Mr. Voorhees' speech, which was delivered with great power, and effect and was listened to with interest and attention on both sides of the chamber, he was congratulated upon it by many of his Democratic associates.

Flanagan at the Fore.

There was eminent propriety in the selection as President of the Republican State Convention in Texas of the immortal Flanagan, whose bluntly honest question, "What are we here for if not the offices?" first paralyzed and then convulsed the National Convention of his party in 1880.

There is none of the cant of reform about Flanagan. He is "here" for the offices, and doesn't hesitate to say so. And his party in Texas displays the courage of its appetite in putting him again at the front as the representative of its purposes.

How much more admirable is this frank boldness than the snivelling hypocrisy of the Massachusetts Republicans, who chant through their noses devotion to reform while seizing with both hands every office in their reach, and craving more as theirs by divine right. Between Flanagan and Hoar we respect the Texas statesman every time.

Republicanism has become simply Blaineism as to men and Flanaganism as to principle.—*N. Y. World.*

IT really begins to look as if something tangible would be done toward the completion of the South Penn Railroad. The conference of leading capitalists, called to meet in a few days, it is said, will put the road in the hands of the contractors. It is to be a road with gilt-edged securities, and there can be no question but its completion will mean gilt-edged dividends to the investors.

There is no section of the great State of Pennsylvania so teeming with wealth and natural possibilities for manufacturing, mining and agricultural purposes as the southern tier of counties, so that important desideration to a through line—local traffic—can be had for the asking. Aside from this feat are, the advantage of another thoroughly equipped short route trunk line touching Pittsburgh cannot be overestimated.

It means more competition, and a consequent stimulation of all our varied industries. Let us hope that the financiers interested in this project will soon push it into the field of fact. It will be of mutual benefit to all concerned. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and this too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

THE most sensible speech in the Republican State Convention was that of its temporary Chairman, ex-Congressman S. H. Miller, of Mercer county. Mr. Miller's appeal against the spirit of sectionalism was creditable to him both as a man and as a politician; but the sullenness with which his generous sentiments were received showed how little they were in accord with the temper of his political associates in Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Record.*

AS FAR as heard from—and the telegraph has gathered opinion from the wide range—there is only commendation for the President's choice of a Chief Justice for the Supreme Court.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The Flint river swamps, in Sumter county, Georgia, are full of wild turkeys, as many as 50 and 60 have been seen in a drove.

—Isaiah Walton, a farmer living near Byron, Ga., says he has five married daughters whose aggregate weight is over 1,000 pounds.

—At Cherryvale, Kan., where all the women vote, or can if they so desire, not more than one-third of them registered for the spring election. They had voted once and the novelty was gone.

—John Daggett, of Schenectady, offered to let William Black shoot six bullets at him from a revolver at a distance of 200 feet for a silver dollar. William accepted, but didn't come within two feet of hitting him.

—Miss Eliza Bliss, of Rehoboth, Conn., invited an applicant for charity into her house the other day. While she was preparing food, the tramp sang "Nearer My God, to Thee," and at the same time stole the lady's pocketbook and $25 from the bureau drawer.

—Just as a son of Dr. Todd drove up to his home in Campbell county, Georgia, a swarm of bees attacked horse, buggy and boy. The boy ran into the house and shut the door to keep the horse out. The horse had to be wrapped in blankets to get the bees off. The horse is not expected to live and the boy is very ill.

—A Detroit newspaper is responsible for the statement that Wiggins, the misfit weather prophet, has made no predictions of late because the Canadian government told him to shut up or leave its employ. This statement will give rise in this country to a more friendly feeling toward the Canadian government than seems to have existed heretofore.

—Charles Clarke, a farmer living near Decatur, Ill., recently lost 13 head of cattle which he had been feeding all winter on wheat straw. As the animals were perfectly free from disease, Clarke had an examination made of three of them and found in the stomachs of each a ball of twine the size of a base ball and of the kind used on his twinebinder during harvest.

—A case of actual "hard cheek" is reported from Detroit, where a sixteen-year-old lad has been in the habit of "thrusting pins and needles, which he collected on the sly, into the right side of his face and neck." He was recently sent to a hospital for the insane, with the hope that he might be cured of the mania. At the time of his departure, it is asserted, he had between thirty and forty pins burried to the head in his cheek, besides an unknown number of needles, which were entirley out of sight.

—Father Damien is the name of the heroic young Belgian priest who in 1873 voluntarily took up his abode on the Island of Molokia, whither are deported lepers from the Sandwich Islands, and has since labored to lighten the brief earthly lot of the wretched outcasts. After thirteen years of almost miraculous immunity Father Damien was seized recently by the deadly disease and cannot last long. He continues to minister to the wants of the poor lepers, assisted by Father Joseph, another devoted priest who joined him two years ago.

—Mike Matthews, living near Howard, Dak., tells the following, which is vouched for by all his neighbors: During the blizzard of January 12 last he lost a hog, which at the time weighed over 200 pounds. Nothing had been seen or heard of it until last Friday, when he was working at a hay stack some distance from the house and uncovered the hog, which was still alive and the mother of a litter of ten pigs, all alive and weighing about a pound a piece. The mother weighed when taken out about 30 pounds, a shrinkage of over 170 pounds. She was confined in the stack about three months without food or water.

—Tom Kaigler, a negro preacher living on Sheriff Gilmore's plantation, near Atlanta, has created considerable excitement among the negroes on account of a revelation he claims to have had. He says that the Lord has revealed to him that on a certain day he will carry all the negroes to Egypt, and that he (Tom) is to be the leader. The day and hour of departure is set. What causes the prophecy to be believed is that the older negroes say that before the war the same prophet prophesied that the negroes were to be set free, and that the prophecy was literally fulfilled. They are getting their clothing and other things in readiness for the departure.

—One of the familiar faces at the Navy Department has been that of Lindsey Muse, an ancient colored man who has stood guard at the door of the Secretaries of the Navy ever since 1828. He came into the service of the Government with the administration of John Quincy Adams, when Samuel Sothard was the Secretary of the Navy, and has been on duty every since. He approximates his age at eighty years. Of late he has been growing feeble and about ten days ago he caught a cold that settled into rheumatism and forced him to leave his post and stay at home. It is not expected that he will ever resume his station at the Secretary's door.

—One day last week the 4-year-old son of A. B. Stringer, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, went to the back yard to play. He had been outdoors but a few moments when a big game cock of great strength and fierceness flew into its face. The little fellow was knocked over. His screams attracted Mrs. Stringer, who ran to her child's rescue. When the boy was borne into the house it was found that his face had been scratched by the rooster's spurs, but aside from these abrasions there were no other marks on his body. Half an hour later the child swooned and went into convulsions and at 10 o'clock he died. When the doctors made their post mortem examination this morning they found that the boy's neck had been dislocated by the game cock's assault, and that concussion of the brain had caused death.

A Fearful Loss of Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 23.—The steamer City of New York, which arrived yesterday from China, brings details of an earthquake in Yunnan. The prefect of Lin An, with Chi Hsens, of Ship Ping, and Kien Shui under him, have jointly reported to the governor of Yunnan, as follows:

From the second day of the twelfth month of the last year till the third day of this year there were over ten shocks of earthquake, accompanied by a noise like thunder. Yamend in the cities of Ship Ping and Kien Shui were either knocked down or split right down, and temples likewise. In Ship Ping eight or nine-tenths of the houses in the south are falling down, and half of those in the east, in the northwest 1,00 being cracked or bent out of the perpendicular; 200 people, men and women, old and young, being crushed to death; wounded and injured over 300.

At Tung Hiang over 800 were crushed to death and about 700 or 800 wounded.

At Nan Hiang there were over 200 dead and over 400 injured.

At Si Hiang there are over 200 dead and over 500 injured.

At Peh Hiang about 400 were killed and the same number injured. (The four places last named are suburbs.)

In the town and suburbs over 4,000 people are killed or wounded, eight or nine-tenths of the houses fallen down, and the rest cracked and leaning over.

At Kien Shui in the city seven were killed and many wounded in the northwest suburb 300 to 400 houses were overturned, 245 people killed, and 105 to 160 wounded.

GO TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,

No. 113 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.,

FOR BRUSSELS, VELVET, WOOL AND RAG CARPET, LINOLEUM, LACE CURTAINS, RUGS AND STAIR PADS. HEADQUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

—A Justice of the Peace at Pentwater, Michigan, recently sentenced a man to ninety-nine years' imprisonment for shooting another man's hog. He said he would have hanged the miscreant if the laws of Michigan had included hanging among the punishments to be used in extreme cases.

Robert Bonner's Dexter Dead.

Robert Bonner's trotting horse Dexter died last Saturday from old age. He was thirty years old this month, and for the past year had not been in harness, but had taken his ease in the stable of Mr. Bonner in New York. The body was sent to Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown for burial. Mr. Bonner regarded the great horse as too good for the bone-yard, and will inter the body in one of the finest spots on his farm.

Mr. Bonner bought Dexter in Buffalo in August, 1867, after seeing him trot a mile in the then phenomenal time of 2:17¼. Mr. Bonner paid $35,000 for the horse and would never sell him, although he could repeatedly have done so on advantageous terms. "When I bought Dexter," says Mr. Bonner, "I sent the following telegram from Buffalo to an old and valued friend of mine in New York: 'I saw Niagara Falls this morning for the first time, and then came down to see that other wonder, Dexter, when he trotted a mile in 2:17¼. Inasmuch as I could not buy the Falls, I thought I would do the next best thing, and so I purchased the horse.'"

Dexter was foaled in 1858. He was got by Hambletonian out of a little black mare by American Star, and she was out of Sharks dam. Dexter was a brown gelding of rich color, with four white legs and a blaze in his face. He was fifteen hands and one inch high, long for his inches, deep through the heart, and very powerful in his loins and quarters. His head, neck, and eyes were good, and he had capital oblique shoulders and good legs and feet. He was bred by Jonathan Hawkins, of Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y.

After a long series of triumphs, which made him the King of the Turf, on August 14th, at Buffalo, in the presence of Mr. Bonner and Mr. Fawcett, Dexter was driven by Budd Doble to beat his own time. He was given one round as preparatory, and did it in 2:21¼. At 4 o'clock he came on the track in harness, accompanied by the mare Charolotte F., with Ben Mace in the saddle. He trotted the first quarter in 33¼ seconds, the half in 1:07, and the mile in 2:17¼, the best record he ever made. His sale to Mr. Bonner then became known, and he has never since trotted for money.

TREASURER'S SALE
—OF—
SEATED AND UNSEATED
Lands and Lots
—IN—
Cambria County.
A. D. 1888.

I, THOMAS E. ROWE, Treasurer of Cambria county in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of the several Acts of Assembly in said Commonwealth directing the time and manner of selling unseated lands for taxes, do hereby give notice that the following tracts of unseated lands and lots of ground in the said County of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale at the Court House in the borough of Ebensburg, on the second Monday, being the 11th day of June, next, and continue by adjournment from day to day until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes and costs necessarily accruing thereon.

Unseated Lands.—1886-7.

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

ACRES.	P'k's.		TAXES.
		Adams Township.	
449		John Anderson	$ 55 60
439		John Morrison	54 94
440		Valantine Oster	55 06
118	55	Martin McDonald	16 12
120	114	Martin M. McDonald	30 12
533	40	Robt. Ross	54 58
401		Jacob Clement	30 20
400		Ferdinand Gudenau	50 10
50		D. F. Storm	22 00
81		Thomas Smith, (part)	9 52
400		——O'Neill	50 10
400		H. M. Neal	50 10
158		Seymore & Wentz	20 18
800		James Sawyer	99 70
150		Geo. W. Victroy	19 20
286		Thomas Donahoe	31 50
217		Thomas Donahoe	27 70
125		Thomas Donahoe	9 25
397		John Fulton et al	25 13
		Barr Township.	
108		Thomas Edwards (part)	13 68
14		Owen D. Williams	2 24
100		John Byrnes	12 05
150		Gray & Wyland	11 22
140		Fred & Geo. Snyder	4 58
100		John Thomas	12 90
		Blacklick Township.	
162		J. C. Martin (Sebastian Graff)	21 86
50		Gabriel Boring, (Snyder)	7 60
515		Mary Evans	67 45
100		Cambria Land Co	13 50
243		Emanuel Bullier	32 80
7		William Cameron	1 42
160		Cambria Land Co	16 10
454		Cambria Land Co	88 12
		Cambria Township.	
80		William Barnhamer	7 83
25		Jno. Boyd	2 76
50		William Linton	5 09
132		R. H. Tudor	12 59
174		Jos. Dunmire	16 41
		Chest Township.	
330		William Parker	121 10
452	44	Antnony Simon	182 19
452	44	Nathan Loughborough	182 19
321	92	Thomas Ketland	86 13
434		John Ashly	143 80
201	63	Thomas Masters	67 83
147	28	John Ketland	44 75
123	80	Henry Phillips	33 12
212	44	Samuel Ruth	99 83
50		James Foster	13 08
100		Foster & Gibson	27 30
405	106	James Ruth	109 04
127		William Parker	60 73
156	137	Simon Walker	84 19
73		David D. Carson	20 09
		Clearfield Township.	
33		Samuel Calvin	8 43
100		A. & P. Flynn	28 55
200		Fiske & Blair	55 85
130		Martin McMullen, est.	36 90
200		Condron & Hartman	65 95
1229		James Condron	330 95
		Carroll Township.	
99		Sebastian Luther	13 84
48		John Weber	7 61
		Conemaugh Township.	
360	126	Richard Smith	104 00
		Joseph Hogue 2 lots	3 26
		Croyle Township.	
11	99	Samuel S. Paul	4 65
7		P. M. & J. Brown	2 22
54		P. M. & J. Brown	8 58
9		Geo. Heather	2 71
18		John Lavelt	5 00
		George Heather, 1 lot	1 58
		C. B. Ellis, 1 lot No. 3	2 16
		C. B. Ellis, 1 lot No. 4	2 16
14		Thomas Croyle, est	1 33
		Dean Township.	
72		Morris Wolf	12 08
369		Henry Wolf	59 58
131		Henry Davis	21 44
110		Joseph Davis	18 10
125		James Jones	20 50
200		Reil & Blair	80 50
40		John Mears	6 90
434		John Fisher	70 46
433		Jacob Harris	69 76
433		John Harrison	69 76
330		John Brotherline	53 99
200		John Brotherline	32 50
400		Thomas Patterson	112 50
200		Patrick Kelly	32 50
200		Patrick Such	32 50
124		James Harris	20 24
404		Joseph Harris	66 50
200		William Barton	72 50
200		Ezekiel Farmer	64 50
116		William Tilton	18 90
530		Jesse Bush	85 59
230		Lewis Wolf	75 54
550		Reilly & Sergeant	180 50
460		Andy Graydon	64 56
100		James Bryson	28 50
71		Jno. S. Colbert	28 90
495	142	James Jones	65 44
		Elder Township.	
122		Foster & Gilson	40 76
200		Andrew Weaver	66 80
34		Jas. Cunningham	11 72
50		Jos. Thomas	23 50
		Gallitzin Township.	
48		M. M. Adams	14 42
100		Aaron Brown	83 15
50		Mary Hammer	9 20
100		Nicholas Bell	44 00
1		John A. Kennedy (mineral)	1 37
205		John Hay, (mineral right)	136 80
143		John Gray	62 66
80		James Condron	23 70
1		Neal Gillen, adm'r	1 68
1		J. T. Christy	1 29
		Jackson Township.	
100		John Hubley	17 75
46		Thomas White	10 16
25		Geo. H. Douglass	6 04
61		Philip Aiwine	10 14
288		Thos. Vickroy	60 12
440		Wise & Brother	91 58
42		Alex. Hunter	8 78
55		Daniel Farley	7 74
295		John Wigton	40 92
50		David M. Pringle	8 61
50		W. H. Seehler	7 40
100		Samuel White	14 30
300		Andrew White	41 10
200		Daniel Black	28 10
350		John Black	43 15
300		Andrew Black	41 90
300		David Black	41 90
50		John Snyder	10 65
		Cambria Land Co.	
139		Daniel Levy	28 10
393		William Morris	75 64
238		Isaac Bowser	45 22
153		Daniel Farley	32 17
184	39	Joseph Fearon	39 64
89		James Reese	18 90
134		John Simpson	69 92
		Portage Township	
200		Fred Hurton	43 50
200		Samuel Hinton	41 50
439		Geo. Gutwald	66 60
150		H. & Z. Zeller	21 82
90		Wm. P. McConnell	15 26
70		Thomas McConnell, est	14 00
300		—— Kinports	148 10
		Reade Township.	

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MAY 4, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Garden makers are now in demand.

—Straw hats are making their appearance.

—See L. M. Wolf, Son & Thomas' new "ad." elsewhere in this paper.

—Col. John S. Miller, of the Blair House, is attending court at Lancaster.

—Captain Morgan McDonald, of Loretto, visited our town on Thursday.

—Mark it down in your diary that a slight skift of snow fell on May 2nd.

—Seed onions were never known to be so scarce in this place as they are this spring.

—Mr. J. B. Denny purchased a fine driving horse while in Johnstown a few days ago.

—Have you bought your reserved seat ticket for the "Mikado"? If not, do so at once.

—The appearance of the Central Hotel, of this place is being improved by a coat of paint.

—Altoona has raised the sum of $50,000 towards getting a silk mill established in that city.

—Francis O'Friel, Esq., and Ed. Shields, of Loretto, were to be seen on our streets on Wednesday.

—Dr. A. Griffith and wife returned home on Saturday from Florida where they have been since last fall.

—Mr. Albert Bender, of the Cambria House, is confined to his bed with the inflammatory rheumatism.

—The Junior base ball club, of this place, on Saturday last defeated the Normal School club by a score of 42 to 3.

—Don Kittell, Esq., and Mrs. Maud Scanlan, his sister, started on Tuesday last on a visit to friends in Philadelphia.

—Mr. Sherman Evans, formerly of this place but now of Kane, is visiting at the home of his parents in this place.

—Miss Ann McDonald, of this place returned home on Monday, after a visit to friends and relatives in Pittsburgh.

—Dr. T. M. Richards, wife and child started on Wednesday morning on a visit to his parents who reside at Zanesville, Ohio.

—Register and Recorder Blair, accompanied by his wife, left on Thursday morning for a trip to New York and Washington.

—Among the names of the subscribers to the Altoona Silk Mill fund we find the name of Rev. Thomas Walsh, of this place for $200.

—Mr. L. J. Driggs has commenced work on his steam flouring mill near the station and expects to have it running this coming fall.

—Mr. John Schroth, postmaster at Wilmore, is lying dangerously ill at his home in that place, with but little hopes for recovery.

—Messrs. Thomas Davis and son have the contract for the stone work on the new building of the Sisters of St. Joseph in this place.

—Swindling lightning-rod agents are operating in the south of the county and have victimized several farmers. Look out for them.

—The Mountain House at Cresson will open on Saturday the 19th instant, under the management of Mr. Dunham, of the Logan House, Altoona.

—A number of Apache children, belonging to Geronimo's tribe, arrived at the Indian Training School, Carlisle, one day last week from Pensacola, Fla.

—The Sisters of St. Joseph, of this place, have torn down the centre of their large building preparatory to replacing it with a large four story brick building.

—On Monday John Sharkley, of Prospect, employed by the Cambria Iron Company, had his left thigh broken by a rail falling upon it while he was working in the mill yard.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Relief Fund's report for March says that the sum paid for death benefits was $13,250; for accidents, $4,642, and sickness $10,212—a total of $28,104 on all divisions.

—The expenses of the Almshouse for the month of April were $1,079 84. Quite a number of the inmates have pulled out since the advent of spring, but the there are still sixty permanent ones.

—Mr. Christ Fitzharris, of Hollidaysburg, brother of Captain Michael Fitzharris, of Gallitzin, has purchased the good will and fixtures of the St. Charles hotel, Johnstown, and will take immediate possession.

—Mr. Bartholomew Stumph, an aged gentleman of Punxsutawney, stepped on a rusty nail which penetrated his foot, a couple of weeks ago, and, gangrene setting in, it resulted in his death on Monday last.

—Captain Thomas Davis and his two sons Fred and Schuyler started on Tuesday for Dakota. Mr. Peter Donnelly, of Allegheny township, joined them at Cresson with the intention of accompanying them to the Black Hills.

—Mr. James McCloskey, an aged and well known citizen of Tunnelhill, was taken suddenly ill on Thursday of last week with what was thought to be a stroke of paralysis, but in a few hours entirely recovered and is again as well as ever.

—Henry Eichensehr, a former policeman of Prospect, where his family now reside, died suddenly at Pensacola, Florida, on April 21st. He was walking on the street when he fell to the sidewalk and died in about two hours afterward.

—Some Australian parasites that are warranted to kill fruit pests have been received in California and are being tried by orchardists. It is claimed that these little bugs, no larger than flies, feed on fruit pests and rapidly destroy them.

—It is said that hundreds of gallons of the mineral water recently discovered at Penfield, Clearfield county, are shipped daily to invalids all over the country. The water is described as analagous to the celebrated water of Cheltenham, England.

—D. W. Stevens, who hails from Altoona, and William Rhodes, two prisoners confined in the Huntingdon jail made their escape one night last week by digging through the stone wall. Stevens was committed a few days before his escape, for forgery.

—On last Friday evening two boys found the body of a dead child, partially decomposed, in McCartney's woods, near Altoona. A coroners jury rendered a verdict that the child met its death at the hands of some person or persons unknown to the jury.

—New styles of straw hats as well as stiff hats, and several other new styles of summer hats will be found at Barkers', where you can find anything you want in the way of clothing, as they have just received a new and large line, and all they ask is a comparison of prices, with other persons who have been selling clothing here, and we believe that you will decide that when you want any clothing that you can buy it cheaper at Barkers'.

BY far the Finest Line of Dress Goods in Plain and Fancy Checks ever shown in Altoona are now being sold by Gable & Co. for 12½c. a yd.

GABLE & CO.'S ONE-PRICE STORE.

OUR Own Special Weave of Wool Henriettas (will not pull apart in the thread as many do) for 75c. a yard is a Genuine Bargains for you.

—Jerry Green, a farmer of Porter township, Huntingdon county, while ploughing one day last week complained that it was too dark to work and groped his way home. An examination developed the fact that he had been stricken with total blindness.

—The safe in the Fisher House, at Greensburg, was robbed of about $307 on Saturday night or early Sunday morning. The safe had been left on half-lock, and could have easily been opened, as it evidently was, by some one acquainted with it.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—Don't forget that the "Mikado" will be played in the Opera House, this place, on Saturday evening, May 5th, by the Amateur Opera Company of Ebensburg, for the benefit of the Ebensburg Cornet Band. Reserved seat tickets now on sale at E. James' drug store.

—Miss Carrie, the fourteen year-old daughter of A. L. Keppart, whose home is at Coal Run, about ten miles from Osceola Mills, Clearfield county, killed herself with a revolver on Monday evening. No cause is assigned, and it is supposed that the child was insane.

—The Westmoreland Teachers' Institute will be held this year before the opening of the school, instead of during the holidays, as has heretofore been the custom, and in view of this the examination will commence about a month earlier than usual, and will be held during June and July.

—The dwelling house of John Luker, in Brushvalley township, Indiana county, was totally destroyed by fire on last Wednesday. All the contents of the building were saved except two stoves, which were destroyed with the house. Loss about $1,600. The fire was caused by a defective flue.

—About one o'clock on Monday morning fire broke out in the kitchen of the dwelling house of Jacob Knorr, in Johnstown, and before the flames could be subdued the dining room and kitchen burned down and also a stable that was in close proximity. Part of the dwelling was built of brick and was saved.

—Among the visitors to our town on Wednesday last we were glad to notice Prof. T. T. Bearer, of Susquehanna township, who last winter was prostrated with a stroke of paralysis. He is improving slowly and we hope with the advent of good weather and moderate exercise he may soon entirely recover.

—John Chamberlain, Prothonotary of Westmoreland county, died of consumption one day last week. He was about forty-one years of age and leaves a wife and three children. His term of office would have expired January 1, 1889. In all probability his successor will be George W. Flowers, the present chief clerk.

—On last Sunday night, something got wrong with the natural gas in Johnstown, which increased the pressure to such an extent that all stoves left burning, got red hot and had it not been for the timely discovery and the prompt notice given to the people who use the gas there might have been a very serious conflagration.

—Mr. N. R. Griffith, of Conemaugh township, is another of the victims of the alleged lightning-rod swindlers. The course of procedure in his case was similar to those already published, Mr. Griffith being induced to sign a note for $297.50. Now Mr. Griffith does not want anybody to negotiate the note.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Mr. R. L. Davis at his shoe store on Julian street has now ready for inspection the finest and best lot of men's, ladies,' misses' and children's shoes ever opened up in Ebensburg. All the latest styles and at prices lower than the same class of goods can be purchased in any other town in the State. Call and see for yourselves.

—You will soon want to buy your summer dresses and have them ready for hot weather you will find the largest line of seersuckers, sateens, satin finish prints, brocaded goods, century cloths, and all such summer goods, in new styles and colors at Barkers', you will be surprised at the large assortment you will see there, and be astonished at the low prices.

—The following persons can each obtain a letter by applying at the Ebensburg post office: Mrs. R. L. Jones, Mrs. Joseph Lang, Miss Mary A. Evans, Mademoiselle Valentine Valker, Maple Park Springs, Thomas S. Davis, Mr. Jermiah Rager, Mr. Saverie Marabela. Persons applying for these letters will please state they were advertised.

—On Friday last a little son of Wm. Short, of Rayne township, aged about five years, was following after his father who was seeding oats. The lad was close to the drill and put his hand on one of the cog wheels and the first finger on his left hand was crushed off close to the hand. The lad is left handed and the loss will be deeply felt.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—The next eclipse of the moon will occur on the night of July 22, and will be more interesting than the one of January 28. The diameter of the earth's shadow will be much larger at that time in proportion to the diameter of the moon, darkening its surface more totaly. It will take place at midnight when the moon will be higher in the heavens, and will be visible in this section.

—V. S. Barker has just returned from New York and Philadelphia, and from the looks of the store of Barker & Bro.'s we should think that he had not left many goods in the city, but he says he did not buy all of them, but has selected the finest assortment of goods ever brought to Ebensburg, to which he calls the attention of every body wanting to see new goods, new styles, and new prices.

—It is pretty well settled that a big mail robbery occurred on the Northern Central Railway, near Baltimore on Tuesday morning, but the postal autnorities have refused to furnish any particulars at this time. It is said that that registered letters containing about $10,000 were taken. A pouch with a slit in it came to the Harrisburg post office on Tuesday but the officials are discreetly silent. Detectives are at work.

—In the corner stone of the old Manor Church, in Westmoreland county, which was torn down last week were found a cent one hundred and sixty five years old, a half cent eighty-three years old, several catechisms—or rather the covers of them, the body having crumbled into dust—a number of papers that crumbled to dust as soon as they were touched, a German Bible, so glued together that it could not be opened, and a bottle about half-full of splendid wine.

—Within the past week or ten days parties from abroad, representing eastern capitalists, have been leasing the coal lands along the Blacklick, and we have been informed that there are pending negotiations on foot for the purchase of a large body of coal lands on the same stream. We hope that the enterprise may prove successful and that in the near future the iron horse may find his way into the undeveloped Blacklick region.

—We call attention to the advertisement of Finzer's Old Honesty Plug Tobacco. It is made of the best of Burley Tobaccos, combined with pure and selected sweetenings, and will make a pleasant and lasting chew. Such dealers who have not it in stock will do well to give it a place on their shelves, and those who are not using it are requested to give it a fair trial and be convinced of the superiority, good quality and reliability of Finzer's Old Honesty Plug Tobacco.

—The Loretto Normal School opened Tuesday, May 18th, with 32 students enrolled. Next week a number of others will attend. At the request of the teachers, ex-Supt. Strayer will control the management of the school, and he has opened and organized the school during the week. Prof. E. W. Smith, a graduate of the Indiana Normal School, will take charge of the classes next week and remain until the end of the term. The school promises to be largely attended and without doubt will be successfully conducted.

—As James Rodkey, wife and two children were nearing Cookport last Saturday evening on a visit to Mr. Rodkey's father their horse frightened at a white one and ran off throwing them all out, breaking Mr. Rodkey's leg in two places, injuring both children and bruising Mrs. Rodkey considerably, while the buggy was a complete wreck. They were removed to Mr. Rodkey's sister near by, where the injured were properly attended to. They are now all resting easy and with good prospects of recovery.—*Cherrytree Record.*

—The United States Supreme Court has sustained the validity of a Kansas law making railroad companies responsible in damages for injuries to their employes growing out of the negligence or carelessness of fellow-employes. This is contrary to the common law rule, and the ruling will in good time have most salutary results. If railroad companies have to pay for all the maiming and killing done to their employes through the negligence of other employes it will lead to the adoption of improvements and precautions which will add much to the safety of the general public.

—The printing press has made Presidents, killed poets, furnished bustles for beauties, and polished genius with criticism. It has made worlds get up at roll call in the morning, given the pulpit lungs of iron and voice of steam. It has set the price of a bushel of wheat, and made the country postoffice the glimmering goal of the rural scribe. It has curtailed the power of kings, and graced the pantry shelves; it has converted bankers into paupers, and made lawyers of college presidents; it has educated the homeless, and robbed the philosopher of his reason. It smiles and kicks, and cries and dies, but it can't be run to suit everybody, and the editor's a fool who tries.—Ex.

—On Friday morning of last week a disastrous fire occurred at Johnstown, on Main street nearly opposite the Merchants Hotel, destroying two two-story frame buildings and a three story brick, causing a loss estimated at $29,000, on which there was an insurance of $17,000. Walter S. Weaver, confectioner and baker, and Emil Young, jeweler, occupied the brick building, in the basement of which C. J. Schnable kept a restaurant and saloon. Those in the frame buildings were Bohm, the clothier; Hop Lee, laundryman; C. A. and J. M. Cable, grocers, and James Murtha, residence. The fire originated in the laundry and the supposition is, from a defective flue.

—The Prohibition County Convention met at Johnstown on Saturday last and nominated the following county ticket: Thomas Hughes and Dr. J. P. Thompson were nominated as candidates for the Legislature; John J. Humphreys for Sheriff; J. Bowser for Poor Director, and W. W. Harris for Jury Commissioner. Hon. A. A. Barker, Mrs. John Howells, Mrs. Ed. Mason, and Messrs. Isaac Baer, Daniel Louther, G. W. Stutzman, Daniel W. Angus, and Frank D. Jolly were chosen delegates to the State Convention. Mr. Lemuel Boyer was chosen Chairman of the County Committee and Mr. A. F. Stutzman, Secretary. Mr. J. P. Layton, Mrs. R. L. Baer, and Mr. William McKee were selected as members of th Executive Committee.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, May 2, 1888:

Henry F. Rager and Retta Varner, Jackson township.

W. S. Brookwalter, Pittsburgh, and Minnie E. McCauley, Altoona.

Peter Nisson Baltzerson, Conemaugh, and Annie Koch, Johnstown.

George C. Yeager and Theresa Nagle, Elder township.

William W. Cown and Elmira Lantzy, Elder township.

William E. Burgraff and Lena M. Feister, Johnstown.

Samuel Foust, Johnstown, and Annie E. Crist, Scalp Level.

J. C. Yourley, Washington county, Pa., and Jessie M. Roberts, Franklin.

Elmer E. Leadbeater and Annie C. Boyer, Morrellville.

John Frank, Jr., and Sophia Gabert, Johnstown.

George Weitz, Penn Station, Pa., and Emma J. Miller, Adamsburg.

L. D. Killinger, Gallitzin, and Mary McIntosh, Lilly.

Patrick Grogan and Catharine McGhan, Gallitzin.

After Using

Ely's Cream Balm two months I was surprised and delighted to find that the right nostril which was closed up entirely for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and can use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful.—R. H. Cressengham, 275 18th St., Brooklyn.

From the Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.: I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously effected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored. —B. F. Liepsner.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. J ames and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Suit, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, Druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Died.

O'HARA.—Died at her home in Munster township, on Sunday, April 29th, 1888, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Hara, aged 81 years, 7 months and 24 days.

The deceased whose malden name was Parrish was born on September 5th, 1806 and was the first of the family of Joseph, Parrish, one of the early settlers of this county. She was married to David O'Hara, a well-known citizen of Munster township, who died in January 1867. She was the mother of nine children, seven of whom are living; John, Rachel and Millie residing at the homestead; Oliver and Mrs. McConnell who reside in Greensburg; Mrs. Mary Ann Parrish who resides in Cambria township, and Mrs. Weible who resides in Maryland. She was a devout and consistent member of the Catholic church and her last days were consoled by the hopes of a blessed immortality. Her remains were interred at St. Aloysius' cemetery at Summitville on Wednesday. May her soul rest in peace.

NOEL.—Died at her residence near Loretto, Thursday, April 26th, 1888, Mrs. Catherine Noel, in her 67th year.

Mrs. Catherine Noel whose maiden name was Stolz, wife of Joseph Noel, deceased, was born near Baden, in the province of Baden, Germany. In her early youth she was brought to America by her parents who settled in Oambria county near Carrolltown. At an early age and while yet inexperienced in the trials of the world she received as her true and ever devoted spouse Joseph Noel, a thrifty and well-to do citizen of Munster township. Interested in their own welfare and happiness and buoyed up by all praiseworthy courage they undertook the task of wedded life with a fervent spirit and a cherished hope of success. Need I say they met with that expectation? No, for the comfortable home acquired by their own industry, and in which they lived during their conjugal life, surrounded by a happy and industrious family are proofs in every respect indicative of their success. Ever temperate in their habits of life, and practical in their religious duties and having been born in the Catholic faith they lived to the last true consistent christians. Let it be hoped they now enjoy a heavenly reward. Mrs. Noel was ever devoted in the education of her sons and daughters and lived to see them succeed after having completed their courses both collegiate and academic. During her illness which was long and one continued time of pain and suffering she bore up courageously and finally was favored with a calm and peaceful death. In her last moments perceiving her approach unto death she repeatedly called her sons and daughters, stricken with grief to her side to say a fond good-bye. Then is the time the heart is sad and in spite of all efforts tears of grief do flow. But her perfect resignation to Him who gave her life was truly edifying and a source of greater consolation to her bereaved family. Her funerals which was largely attended by friends and relatives, took place on the 28th inst. Requiem Mass was very touchingly sung at the parish church, Loretto, by her son, Father Noel, of Harrisburg, after which headed by the celebrant, all proceeded to the cemetery to pay her the last respects. The scene then was such as to make it a day memorable in the life of the grieved and sad-stricken family. M.

Trial List.

List of cases set down for trial at a special term of court to be held at Ebensburg, commencing on Monday, May 28th, 1888.

Freidhof	vs.	Gutwald.
Same	vs.	Same.
Gates et al	vs.	Fiske et al.
Condron et al	vs.	McDermitt.
Miller	vs.	Stoltz & Kennedy.
Gallagher et al	vs.	Barbin.
Glass	vs.	P. R. R. Co.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, May 5th, 1887.

STATEMENT OF THE SETTLEMEMT WITH SUPERVISORS OF WASHINGTON TWP., FOR YEAR ENDING MARCH 30, 1888.

PHILIP PRITSCH, SUPERVISOR.

Dr.

To am't of duplicate	$1676 96
Rec'd from former supervisor	187 02
	$1863 98
Aud. exhonerations	4 56
Subject to decision of the Court	250 60
Returned to Commissioners	67 72
Orders redeemed	182 85
Cash paid for work	270 90
Cash paid for lumber	15 45
8½ day's service as supervisor	87 51
Commission on $1284.33 @ 5 per cent	61 22
Taxes worked on roads	90 35
" blacksmithing	4 45
" tow tools	2 25
" horse hire	180 00
Road machine and freight	155 00
Pipes and freight	66 38
Expenses on road view	10 90
11 days to Johnstown, Ebensburg and Altoona	22 00
Judgments and costs—Holland & Eager	112 15
Cr.	$2092 02
Dr.	1667 98
Bal. due sup	$228 04

PETER B. MOYER, SUPERVISOR,

Dr.

To am't of duplicate	$479 79
Rec'd from Commissioners unseated lands	39 30
	$519 09

Cr.

By aud. exhonerations	$ 21 00
Orders redeemed	36 46
Cash paid for work	69 07
Cash paid for lumber	3 15
58 day's service as supervisor	58 00
Commission on $296 69 @ 5 per cent	14 83
Taxes worked on roads	164 16
" new tools	1 30
" horse hire	1 50
3 days to Ebensburg	6 60
	$405 61
Bal. due township	$113 48

The liabilities are as nearly as can be ascertained.

Outstanding orders	$450 00
The assets are	217 00
Liabilities in excess of assets are	242 03

WE, the undersigned auditors do certify that we have examined the above accounts and find them as stated.

A. J. SANKER,
ROBT. C. MYERS,
WM. BROWN,
Auditors.
Attest, B. BURGOON, Clerk.

Washington Twp., April 20, 1888.

ESSENTIAL OILS.

WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMENT, PENNY ROYAL, SPEARMINT, &c.

of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free of broke rage, commission, storage, &c., by

DODGE & OLCOTT,

Importers and exporters, 88 William st., New York

ADJOURNED Assignee's Sale —OF— Valuable Real Estate.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed I will expose to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., on

SATURDAY, MAY 26, '88.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

All those two certain lots of ground situate in the West Ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county Pa., fronting 132 feet on High street on the north and running back 264 feet along Mary Ann street on the east to Lloyd street, along Lloyd street on the south and adjoining lot of Richard Tudor on the west, having thereon erected a two story frame house, a frame stable, a wagon shed and all necessary outbuildings.

Also, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Carroll, in said county of Cambria, bounded and described as follows, viz:

Beginning at a post on the Ebensburg road, thence by land of heirs of John Bennett, north 88½ degrees west 114 perches to a post, thence by land formerly of Emanuel Dishart, north 83 degrees east 150 perches to a post on the Ebensburg road, thence along said road, south 12 degrees, west 72 perches to a post, thence south 12 degrees west 40 perches to a post, thence south 9 degrees, west 44 perches to the place of beginning, containing 120 acres and 72 perches strict measure, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, a frame barn and outbuildings. This farm is situte about three miles from Carrolltown on the old road from Ebensburg to Carrolltown.

TERMS: Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid at the time of the sale, the balance of one third at the confirmation of the sale and one-third in six months, the remainder in twelve months from confirmation of the sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOHN A. BLAIR,
Assignee of Joseph Gutwald.

Ebensburg, May 5th, 1888.—3t.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS THE HON. R. L. JOHNSTON, President Judge of the 43d Judicial District consisting of the County of Cambria, has issued his precept bearing date the 19th day of March, 1888 to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Ebensburg for the County of Cambria, and to commence on the first Monday of June, 1888, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said County of Cambria, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done and those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Cambria county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

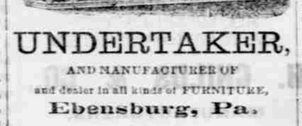
GIVEN under my hand at Ebensburg, the 1st day of May in the year of our Lord 1888, and the One Hundred and Twelfth Year of the Independence of the United States.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, May 1st, 1888.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

ROBERT EVANS,



UNDERTAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Has a full line of Caskets always on hand.

Bodies Embalmed
WHEN REQUIRED.

Apr 30 86

WANTED SALESMEN to sell Nursery Stock. All Goods Warranted. First-class. Permanent, pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. No previous experience necessary. Outfit free. Write for terms, giving age. CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurseryman, Rochester N. Y. Mention this paper.

April 6, 1888.—8t.

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Deposit,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold and a
General Banking Business Transacted.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.—tf.

"PEERLESS"
LEADS THE WORLD.

$500 in Gold for General Superiority at Cincinnati Industrial Exposition after full trial and Expert test.

"Peerless" Traction and Portable Engines. "Domestic" and Creamery Engines. Steam Gang Plows. The "Geiser" Thresher and Cleaner.

Patent Variable Friction Feed, Pat. Dogs, Set-Works and Saw-Guide.

Latest improved and cheapest Saw-Mill on the market. Send for catalogue to the

GEISER MANUFACTURING CO.,
WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN CO., PA.

We want agents and invite correspondence.

POLITICAL.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

D. A. LANGBEIN.

Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888.

FOR SHERIFF. John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill borough at the coming Democratic primary election. Your support respectfully solicited.

FOR SHERIFF. We are authorized to announce the name of W. D. McCleland, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Sheriff subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR.—We are authorized to announce the name of John F. Lone, of Cambria township as a candidate for Poor Director, subject to the decison of the next Democratic primary election.

FOR ASSEMBLY. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assembly subject to the Democratic primary election. LEWIS STRAYER.

FOR ASSEMBLY. We are authorized to announce that John S. Rhey is a candidate for nomination for Assembly subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

FOR ASSEMBLY. We are authorized to announce the name of Daniel McLaughlin, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Assembly subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Edward Lynch, deceased, of Summerhill township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES GALLAGHER, Adm'r.

Summerhill Twp., March 30, 1888.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Francis Maloy and wife of Allegheny township have made a voluntary assignment of all the estate and effects of the said Francis Maloy to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said Francis Maloy are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against him will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

M. D. KITTELL,
Assignee of Francis Maloy.

Ebensburg, April 13, 1888.—6t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Patrick Dunn, deceased, of Asbville borough, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

MATTHEW DUNN,
Adm'r, Altoona, Pa.

or F. A. Shoemaker, atty for administrator, Ebensburg, Pa.

April 6, 1888.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the petition of Adam Myers, Committee of Peter Myers, a lunatic, for an order to sell real estate. Having been appointed an auditor to investigate the facts of the case, and report upon the expediency of granting the application and if the case shall require it, to ascertain the amount proper to be raised by such sale, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office on Saturday, May 26th, 1888, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.

Ebensburg, May 5th, 1888.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Cambria county to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the first and final account of O. J. Westover, administrator or John Westover, deceased, and report distribution of the balance in the hands of said accountant, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, on Friday, May 25th, 1888, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested shall attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, May 5th, 1888.—3t.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale a water power saw mill with from one to five acres of ground situated in Elder township, Cambria county, Pa. The mill has a 16 feet over shot wheel, a circular saw in good condition and is located about one-half mile from the new town of Hastings, on the Brubaker railroad, and within a quarter of a mile of the railroad and a branch of the railroad is located running within five rods of the mill. The mill is surrounded with a fine lot of timber, yet to cut. For a good investment, this is a rare opportunity. Call on or address the subscriber on the premises.

SEBASTIAN HOLTZ.

Elder township, April 27, 1888.—3m.

NOTICE.—To the Heirs and Legal Representatives of Civilla Myers, deceased: Take notice that an inquest will be held at the late residence of Civilla Myers, deceased, in the township of Summerhill, in the County of Cambria, on Thursday, May 29th, next, at 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon of that day for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according law, at which time and place you are required to attend if you think proper.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 20, 1888.—6t.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER of Incorporation. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on May 19th, 1888, by Michael Bracken, Joseph Berkey, Thomas Munroe, Frederick Ehrenfeld and James W. Kilduff, under the Act of Assembly approved April 29th, 1874, entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Gallitzin and Tunnelhill Water, Light and Heat company, Limited," the charter and object of which are to supply water, light and heat in the boroughs of Gallitzin and Tunnelhill in the county of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

M. D. KITTELL, Solicitor.

Ebensburg, May, 4, 1888.—3t.

ATTENTION STOCKRAISERS.—"High and Mighty" the first thoroughbred English stallion ever brought to Cambria county will stand for service during the season on Monday and Tuesday of each week at the stable of John Topper, in Adams township, and the rest of the time at the home of the owner, about 80 rods east of Wilmore Station. "High and Mighty" is an English Shire horse, foaled in 1884, registered number 5115, imported in June 1887 by J. S. Kunkle & Co., of Irwin Station, Pa., color black, weight 1,100 pounds and when fully developed will weigh 2,000 pounds; and recently purchased by the undersigned for $1250. For pedigree see posters and to be thoroughly convinced come to see horse. Terms: $20 for insurance, payable when mare is known to be with foal. Due care, but no responsibility for accidents.

IRA BLOOM,
Owner and Keeper.

Wilmore, Pa., April 27, 1888.

ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE,
LORETTO, PA.,
IN CHARGE OF
FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.
Board and Tuition
for the Scholastic Year, $200.
March 29th, 1888. tf.

CANNS KIDNEY CURE.

For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.

March 18, 1888. 1y.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

The grand display of all wool $10 Suits now offered for sale by Woolf, Son & Thomas, the Champion Clothiers of Johnstown, has stirred up the whole community. Customers are coming

BEWILDERED BY THE GREAT BARGAINS

and competitors fairly paralized. Everybody admits that these

ALL WOOL $10 SUITS

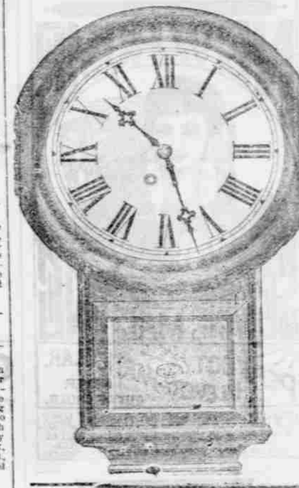
are equal to any $14 Suit sold elsewhere in Johnstown. A big Variety to select from.

☞ See their great display of new Spring Hats. A beautiful

Imported Photograph

will given free with every Hat.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches. In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS,

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

THE "MIKADO"
WILL BE PLAYED IN THE
EBENSBURG OPERA HOUSE,
ON THE EVENING OF
Saturday May 5th, 1888,
—BY THE—
AMATEUR ✣ OPERA ✣ COMPANY,

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Brother and Sister on a Tramp.

The police last night arrested under peculiar circumstances a couple who claim to be brother and sister. They gave their names as William and Jessie Green and their ages as 29 and 20 years respectively. Both are coarse looking, with many days' dust on their faces and hands. Their arrest was made in this way.

About 8 o'clock they went into Osterholt's saloon, on South Fourteenth street, the woman wearing male attire and holding her head down as though to hide her face. Her pants were baggy and hung loosely, and the coat and vest seemed several sizes to large. Her hair was cut short and was covered with a greasy cap. Her companion said that they had tramped a long distance and that they were both tired and hungry. Anton Ragel, a butcher, doing business at 1404 Clark avenue, was in the saloon and hearing the touching story, requested the pair to accompany him to the house, adding that he would give them supper. They went with him, and after giving them plenty to eat Ragel proceeded to bundle up a lot of bread and meat, so that they could carry enough to last them another day. He happened to look at the woman while bundling supplies, and after studying her features for a few seconds he asked if she was not a woman. She denied her sex at first, but admitted later that her attire was not becoming to her sex. She was then turned over to Mrs. Ragel while he went out to look for a policeman, being satisfied that there was something wrong.

Sergeant Worcester visited the house and arrived there just as she completed the transformation, throwing off her coat, vest and trousers, and donning a dress and other garments given her by Mrs. Ragel. The pair were then taken to the Four Courts and locked up to await the result of a further investigation. They said they were brother and sister, and that they had not done anything wrong. The women said she wore masculine attire because it was more convenient than petticoats and other cumbersome garments. The man who claims to be her brother then made a long statement to Sergeant Lang. He said that he left Omaha last August for the purpose of coming to this city.

"My sister had been working at the Emmet House," he said, "and I had been working at my trade. When we concluded to come here we had but little money, and we concluded to buy a boat and come by river. We left in August and stoped at every town and village along the Missouri until we reached Glasgow, Mo., last December. The ice was then running and we concluded to stop until it went out. While we were there the river froze over and we had to wait a long time. I worked then on a bridge and supported my sister, but I could not save anything. We left when we had a chance to navigate, and we got along nicely until we reached Augusta, when our boat capsized, throwing everything into the river. I had to rescue my sister, and while doing it tore off most of her clothes. As she had nothing else, I gave her an old suit I had saved. We tramped here from Agusta, which is about thirty-five miles from the city."

He told of many incidents connected with their trip, but he insisted that his sister had no wrong motive in wearing clothes unbecoming to her sex.

The woman was reluctant to make any statement, but in reply to questions corroborated her companion's statement, excepting that portion concerning her attire. She said she began wearing men's clothes soon after she left Omaha, because her own attire was a nuisance to her and her brother. Both had diaries giving a history of their trip, with the incidents of each day since they left. The police thought that it must be a runaway match and concluded to hold them. The pair had no objections as they were both very tired and travelstained, the woman complaining of sore feet and her companion of a cold.—*Chicago Times.*

Almost as Old as Fingers.

Forks are distinctly mentioned in I. Samuel XII., 21, in connection with the file which was used to sharpen the prongs. In the Pentateuch mention is made of "flesh hoocks," evidently used for taking the meat out of the pots or off the pans. Ateneus mentions the "fork" but it does not appear whether it meant a bident or a trident, and it is certain that the ancient Greeks were ignorant of the use of the fork while eating. Two branched instruments were found at Herodlaneum, but they were not known to be used in any period of Roman history. The Duke of Bergundy used forks at table, and is said to have had two. In his time the loaves were made round, and were placed by the side of the carver, who had a pointed carving knife and a skewer of silver or gold, which he stuck into the joint of meat, and having cut off a piece, placed it on a slice of bread, which was served to the guest on the point of the carving knife. This custom still obtains in many parts of Europe. Before the revolution in France, when a gentleman was invited to dinner, it was customary for him to send his servant with his knife, fork, and spoon, or if he had no servant, he carried them in his breeches pocket as a carpenter carries his rule. The use of forks was not introduced into England until the time of James I., having been brought from Italy. Their use was ridiculed by many as a superserviceable piece of finery. Ben Johnson joined in the laugh against them in his play of "The Devil's Ass." It is not difficult even now to remember when the knife only, notwithstanding the presence of the fork, was used to convey food to the mouth, showing how difficult it was to get rid of the old customs.

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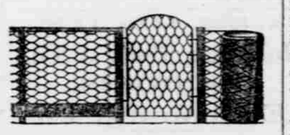

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Contain all the valuable elements of stable manure in a concentrated form. Specially prepared for all crops. They are manufactured for results—permanent results. They cannot be beaten in the field.
OUR WORKS possess every facility. We give them our personal attention. For the same money we guarantee our goods not to be surpassed. Those who use them endorse them. You use them and you will endorse them.
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Leave St. Louis at 8:30 P. M., Daily.
THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
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Mount Vernon.

During the war, says a Washington letter, while the bloodiest battles on the Potomac were being fought, the southern and northern troops fraternized on this spot, and not a shot was fired nor a blow exchanged on the domain of Mount Vernon It was neutral ground. The soldiers exchanged coffee and tobacco and loiled amicably together under the trees, then went back to shooting and killing each other as they were off the sacred ground. The most irreverent scoffer must walk with reverence through the ancient frame house in which so much of our history is embalmed. Hanging in the hall is the great key of the Bastile, sent to Washington by Lafayette, near it is the General's field-glass hung on its rack by Washington himself and never disturbed Of all the memories of Mount Vernon none are more interesting than those of Eleanor Custis—poor Nelly, who died at 22, and was her stepfather's pet. In one room stands her haapsichord, an immense machine, just the size of a grand piano of the present day, with two banks of keys like an organ. Beside it are some ancient blue chairs embroidered by her dead fingers a century ago. In the ground stands her rosebush beside which tradition says she received her first offer, and which the guileless and credulous of her sex are persuaded to walk around six times to bring a similar events about. One of the Regents of Mount Vernon was to have magnificent Turkish rugs made to resemble as far as possible the rag carpets which were the floor coverings in Martha Washington's day, and for that purpose scraps of the rag carpet were sent abroad to be as nearly simulated as possible. And way up high, under the roof is a little hip-roofed, dormer-windowed rookery, which after Gen. Washington's death, his widow chose as her own room, because it was from that window only that a view could be had of the hideous brick tomb sn which lies the mortal part of the General.

A Man Adopted by Rabbits.

There is an old man out in Mound Valley, Nev., a local paper says, who has been adopted by a lot of jack rabbits. Their friendliness and good feeling have become so obtrusive that the old fellow would be thankful if something would happen to alienate their affections. He is a sort of hermit, living all alone on his ranch, where he devotes all his time to cattle and horse raising. As he doesen't try to raise vegetables the rabbits could do him no harm, and so he has never tried to drive them away. They soon became very tame, and, as the jack rabbit is rather an affectionate animal anyway, they kept making more advances and trials of friendship until they and the old man became quite sociable. When he goes out after his cows two or three dozen rabbits will come trooping along after him, leaping around him, running between his legs, and nibbling his fingers. Very often a drove of them will gather arond his cabin and cut up all sorts of pranks in front of his door, leap on his bed, jump into his chair—if he is not occupying the only one himself—and nose around among his ketties and dishes for something to eat. Several of the most intelligent he has singled out for special favors. He has taught them a number of tricks, such as jumping over a bar or through a ring, walking on their hind legs, and jumping over one another like leap frog. But the rabbits have developed such a liking for civilization that they are about to take possession of his house, and have even begun to rear their broods in it, so that the old man hardly knows now whether he owns the house or simply lives there with the rabbits.

The Influence of Symbols.

An American, writing home recently from England, says: "I happened to be present at the funeral of a soldier, who, for bravery in the Zulu war, had received the Victoria cross. The badge was fastened to his breast as he lay in the coffin. His mother, bidding him farewell, touched the precious bronze token and said: 'It lessens my grief at losing him that he should take that into his grave!'

"It was the symbol to her not only of his heroic life, but of the gratitude of his country. I wondered, as I heard her, if we Americans make as much use as we might of the influence of symbols in training our uneducated classes."

A singular instance of the effect of this kind of symbolism was once shown in the famous reformatory school at Lusk. One of the teachers had induced about twenty of the boys to give up profane and indecent lanfiuage, and to do extra work, for which they were paid. But they were indifferent and half-hearted in the effort.

"Form them into a society and give them a badge," suggested the superintendent.

The hint was carried out. In a month the boys were eager and enthusiastic in their work, and as proud of their prison society as were the old soldiers of Napoleon of the Legion of Honor.

The man who is successful in leading human nature to its highest endeavor must work upon the innocent weaknesses as well as upon the stern love of duty. Imaginative men and women like to symbolize their work or sacrifice for the world in some uniform or badge.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

If a man becomes drunk, can he expect forgiveness without repentance?

The Loneliest Spot in Europe.

One hundred and forty miles from the northwest coast of Scotland, and forty miles from the nearest land, the extreme point of the Hebrides Island, lies a little archipelago or group of islands, called the Hirt or Hirst, and more commonly known by the name of one of the islands, St. Kilda.

St. Kilda is almost a lost island, so far is it out on the broad Atlantic, so completely deserted by the rest of the world, and so wildly beaten upon by the storms. But in spite of its remoteness, and the fact that the island has but a very small extent of cultivable soil, St. Kilda is inhabited by 19 families, numbering in 1881, seventy-seven souls. The strange and lonely life that these people live here is a matter of pity even for the poor and almost deserted inhabitants of the Hebrides, who have a large and populous region compared with St. Kilda. But not only is the population of St. Kilda as large as it was in the middle of the last century, in spite of the unhealthiness of the people's way of life and a very high death rate, but the island has sent a few emigrants to Australia.

The children all are subject to attacks of fits, brought on, the doctors believe, by the peculiar food given them. From the day of their birth they are made to swallow a decoction of oil taken from the petrel, mixed with port wine. Out of every nine children born, five die in infancy.

St. Kilda is formed almost wholly of steep cliffs, rising to a height of 1220 feet, and access to it is only possible through a cleft in the rocks. Vessels approach it only during the three months of summer. Only during these three months are any mails received on the island, and formerly the case was still worse, for the royal subjects of the Queen at St. Kilda did not hear of King William IV.'s death, and Victoria's accession to the throne, until three years after the event.

Some time ago a dreadful tempest raged at St. Kilda, and the inhabitants having lost much of their property and being in distress, and having several months to wait before the mail boat would reach them, wrote the story of their sufferings, put it in a bottle as the survivors of a wreck at sea sometimes do, and threw it into the water. The bottle was picked up, delivered into the hands of the directors of the Free Kirk of Scotland, Edinburgh, to whom it was addressed, and a small steamer was sent to St. Kilda with supplies.

The life of the St. Kilda people is so primitive that only lately have tea, sugar and tobacco been sold among them. When the merchant who went there from Scotland to establish this trade arrived at the island, he found that the St. Kildaites were three hours behind the rest of the kingdom in time, as the pastor's watch, the only timepiece on the island, had lost that amount of time during the nine months that intervened since a vessel had been there.

The less than fourscore people who live at St. Kilda are so influenced by the lonely life they lead, that the arrival of a vessel with sailors and passengers suffices to produce a sort of violent cold in the head, which the natives call the "boat cough," or "eight days sickness," which is dangerous and sometimes fatal.

It spite of their hard struggle for existence, the people of this loneliest place in all Europe think that there is no isle like St. Kilda, and would not exchange it for an earthy paradise.

A Deformed Prince.

The King of Germany's eldest son and heir to the throne is Prince Wilhelm, of whom the Countess von Krockow writes: "The Germans cannot forgive an heir apparent of the throne having been born mediocre in figure and perfectly formed. Prince Wilhelm has a crippled arm. The fingers are mere knobs. In the hussar uniform there is a pocket, and he wears it because the three fingers of the helpless member can be hung in the pocket. Otherwise it hangs awkwardly and helplessly in its sleeve. His horses are especially trained, and before the Prince is to mount are ridden three-quarters of an hour to wear them down. He can just manage to hold the reins. We were together in a country house. I looked with the hostess at the fork with which he eats. It is of silver, and not conspicuously different from others, but fixed to the under tine there is a small sharp blade. What the Prince cannot cut with the one hand and this blade he does not undertake to eat. The right hand and arm are large and of extraordinary dexterity, but the little finger is deformed by a growth which the Prince only imperfectly conceals by wearing rings nearly up to the third phalange."

Cream as Medicine.

A medical authority declares, and says it cannot be too widely known, that cream separated by machinery from pure new milk before it has cooled is a full substitute for cod liver oil, and that if, during the cold weather, those who have delicate constitutions which need concentrated nutrition but who cannot overcome the nausea associated with cod liver oil, will take this description of cream instead, they will find in most cases immense and lasting benefit. In several hospitables it has already superseded the nauseous oil. This will be good news for a great many delicate people in both city and country, to whom the "extract of cod" is very distasteful.

I have long been convinced that butter or cream will answer every purpose of the abominable and nauseous cod liver oil.

The idea that the action of the oil is due to a trace of iodine in it is absurd. And then think of the difference in expense.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Men who have company must have money.

A FINE PIECE OF CHEWING TOBACCO IS INDEED A LUXURY
FINZER'S Old Honesty COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT

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AMONG DEALERS
WE ARE SURE THAT ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF ITS MERITS
FINZER'S OLD HONESTY
LOOK FOR THIS TAG ON EACH PLUG
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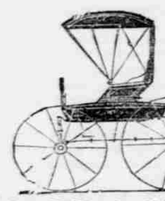

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All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with. All work warranted.
D. M. CHUTE.
Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

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—HIGH ARM—
"JENNIE JUNE"
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.

The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.
AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.
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To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock
We have steady work for honest, sober, industrious men. Salary and Expenses, or Commission, if Preferred. We grow a full line of fruit and hardy ornamental stock; including the new and rare sorts. Everything strictly first-class. Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. The business is easily and quickly learned. State age. Name this paper. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
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A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual impotency. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 23d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

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To get a First-Class Watch is in our Co-Operative Clubs.
FINE WATCHES
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Only $1.00 a Week.

Thousands of the best $38.00 Gold Watch ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.
This is the *Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient,* and *only* co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only *Dust* and *Dampproof Movements* made in the World, and are Jeweled throughout with *GENUINE RUBIES.* The *Patent Stem Wind and Set* is the strongest and simplest made. *They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch.* Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.
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We refer to any Commercial Agency. AGENTS WANTED.
Globe Constantly Forming. Join Now and Save Money.
WE HAVE AGENCIES IN EVERY LARGE CITY WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Commercial Proverbs.

Some men carry too much sail, with too little.

Great men when analyzed usually prove to be very small men.

Men trade on borrowed reputation as they trade on borrowed capital.

Good intentions will not help a man on his way if he takes the wrong road.

The history of trade shows that failure is the rule and winning the exception.

Money moves the crops that make the great West the granery of the world.

One man is over-nice and becomes fussy; another is careless and loses his trade.

The same great lesson of failure is taught in trade.

One man ruins his business because he is sloven; another ruins it because he is a fop.

Men neither win nor lose in the same way. One fails and is smart; another wins and is dull.

Talent and temper often go together. It is rare to find a sparp, bright man that is a courteous man.

The merchants of old Tyre were "princes and her traffikers were the honorable of the earth.

Integrity, honesty and piety do not save a man from disasters if he fails to observe the law of success.

The law of success is as certain as the law of the tides. All must obey these laws if they would prosper.

A diamond with a flaw is better than a pepple without. But the flaw adds nothing to the value of the diamond.

Plant Early.

Considerable loss comes from neglect of the prompt start for garden crops. The only plausible reason for delay is the fear of frost, but the injury nine times out of ten is greater from drouth of summer than from frost in spring. Peas, roots, lettuce, etc., are so hardy that they seldom suffer, even from a pretty severe frost; corn will bear a slight frost, for if slightly nipped it will continue to grow, and make as good stalks generally as if left untouched by frost. In early planting although the weather subsequently may not be favorable for the plants rising so quickly above ground as when the soil is warmer, the seed sends forth roots, and these obtain greater size and strength to push the stalks forward more rapidly when they come up than from later planting. Beans are more tender, but I have occasionally seen them escape frosts which at other times would kill them—the reason of which I could not divine, for the circumstances of the two cases were apparently precisely alike. For garden crops, considerable risk may be taken in early planting, for in case of loss by frost it is little labor to replant, and things get so forward before the summer's excessive heat or drouth comes on, that they scarcely suffer to any great extent. For field crops, which are so much larger, it is better to wait planting sufficiently late to ensure the crops from May frosts.

A Faithful Sheperd.

The following beautiful tradition about Moses has been handed down to posterity: He had the flocks of his father-in-law. One day, while he was contemplating his flock in the desert, he saw a lamb leave the herd, and run further and further away. The tender sheperd not only followed it with his eyes, but went after it. The lamb quickened its steps, hopped over hills, sprang over ditches, hastened through valley and plain; the sheperd unwearedly followed its track. At last the lamb stopped by a spring, at which it eagerly quenched its burning thirst. Moses hastend to the spot, looked sadly at the drinking lamb and said: "It was thirst then, my poor beast, which tormented thee, and drove thee from me, and I didn't understand; now thou art faint and weary from the long, hard way, and thy powers are exhausted; how then couldst thou return alone to thy comrades?" After the lamb had quenched its thirst and seemed undecided what road to take, Moses lifted it to his shoulder, and, bending under the heavy burden, strode back to the flock. Then he heard the voice of God calling to him, saying: "Thou hast a tender heart for my creatures; thou art a kind, gentle shepherd to the flocks of man; thou art now called to feed the flocks of God."

One Glass of Wine.

A glass of wine, for instance, changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, King of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of glasses and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage he stumbled, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of £20,000,000, and sent the whole family into exile.

Corn Meal For Cattle.

In his experiments if needing cattle, at the Kansas college farm, Prof. Shelton says: "A considerable general experience in the use of corn and cob meal as feed for herd of 60 odd head of neat cattle has greatly strengthened, not only the writer, but those having the practical management of the herd, in the conviction of the superior value of corn and cob meal. The corn and cob meal was, apparently at least, better digested than was clear corn alone when used; eaten certainly with as great relish; the cattel were "off their feed" less often; while cases of diarrhea caused by over-feeding—all too common when corn meal was used—were practically unknown when the grain feed was the ground ear corn."

About the most miserable man in the world is the one who is expected to laugh at the joke of a story he has heard before.